

# Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1906



**JAMES BRIERLEY ("J. B.")**

See pages 1030 and 1035

## The Field Secretary's Corner

MY next appointment was at Brunswick, Me., where I occupied the pulpit the morning of July 29. It was an intensely hot day, and though the congregation was small, they nevertheless gave me a fair response. The town of Brunswick was incorporated in 1717, the name being probably given in honor of the house of Brunswick, to which house the reigning family of Great Britain belonged. The first settler in this region is thought to have been one Thomas Purchase, who located within the limits of the present town about 1628. An old Indian deed dated 1659 conveys certain lands to one John Parker, in consideration of "one beaver skin received, and the yearly rent of one bushel of corn, and one quart of liquor." The town made early provision for the "meeting house" and ministry, certain lots of land being set aside, and annual payments made for ecclesiastical purposes. The first preaching in Brunswick was probably by Rev. Joseph Baxter, of Medfield, Mass., who had been sent as a missionary to the Indians of Maine, and who occasionally preached here. In 1718 the town meeting called Rev. James Woodside to be minister, and voted £40 a year for his support. His ministry, however, was not acceptable, and in 1719, at the "Leagual Town Meeting," it was voted: "Whereas the conversation of the Rev. Mr. James Woodside is Displeasing to ye most of us, which renders us unable to reverence him as our Minister, therefore we will not hear him any Longer as such." Others followed, but none seemed to give satisfaction, for in 1742 the town voted "that ye Revd. Mr. Saml. Orse borne and ye Revd. Mr. James Morton be neither of them employed in the publick worke of the Ministry in this town for the futher;" and a committee was appointed to secure the services of an "Orthodox Minister." The first meeting house was erected about this time. This was a rude structure built with boards brought from Richmond Fort. The interior was never finished; there being no ceiling, the roof timbers were all exposed to view. The house was never warmed by stove or fireplace, the worshipers carrying their own foot warmers. That they had their own troubles in those days over the "music" question is seen from the following minute, regarding a discussion over an organ in the church, when one conservative brother said: "I have felt very unpleasant ever since the organ came into the meeting house; it is not acceptable to God; it is very offensive; it begins to make a noise after the hymn is read, before they begin to sing. *It has a very immoral tendency; it keeps our minds from other things.*"

Methodism in Brunswick dates from about 1821, when Melville B. Cox, then a local preacher in Hallowell, afterward our first missionary in Africa, came to Brunswick and secured the use of a chapel near the college, holding services Sunday evenings, and drawing considerable congregations. One family in the place hospitably opened their doors for his entertainment, but, after he had been there several times, one day, wearied with toil and fatigue, he came as usual, but saw no signs of any body in the house. After knocking several times, the man finally came to the door and informed him that he was very sorry, but he must either turn him away or be turned out himself. The weary itinerant therefore repaired to his place of meeting without any supper, and then rode eight miles to find a lodging. Such was the opposition against Methodism

even as late as 1821. In 1829 Brunswick was made a part of the Bath Circuit, with Rev. Benjamin Bryant preacher in charge, and he formed the first class in Brunswick, consisting of five members. In 1835 Brunswick was connected with Bowdoinham Circuit, but preaching at Brunswick was supplied by Mr. Asahel Moore, then a teacher at Gardiner. After awhile he devoted his whole time to the church at Brunswick, and rendered efficient service. The church then numbered 40, with 7 probationers. The spring of 1836 Rev. Mark Traiton was appointed, but he remained only three months, leaving with the apprehension that he would not receive his support. Meetings at this time were held in the Congregational vestry or the Universalist Church, hired for that purpose. Later, the Baptist meeting-house being for sale, it was purchased for \$1900. This served them until about 1865 or '66, when, during the pastorate of Rev. J. B. Lapham, a new and imposing edifice—the one in which they now worship—was erected in a more desirable location. Dr. H. C. Sheldon, now professor in Boston University School of Theology, served this church in 1872 '74, and was greatly beloved. During the pastorate of Rev. W. S. Jones (1876 '79) exceptional prosperity attended the church; the debt was paid, and a new organ installed at this time. In 1884 a new parsonage was bought. Among the earlier pastors we find the names of Munger, Jaques, Bragdon, Morse, Robinson, and True. Later came MacIntire, Haddock, Duke-shire, W. F. Holmes, G. D. Holmes, Miller, and the present pastor, W. P. Merrill. Among others whom I met were Mrs. Mary Ward, who has long been an interested reader of the HERALD, and who is especially interested in the Field Secretary's Corner, and Mrs. Sarah Marsh, 93 years of age, who also greatly enjoys the paper; her home was formerly in Bowdoinham, where the early itinerants used to hold services in her father's house. I was very pleasantly entertained in the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Harmon, both estimable members of the church.

The evening service was at Yarmouthville, where we have a neat little church with a small but active membership, under Rev. A. K. Bryant, pastor. The day had been most oppressively hot, but a small congregation gave me most appreciative hearing and generous response.

The town of North Yarmouth (now Yarmouth) was settled in 1680. It was originally called Weasastogo, the Indian name for Royal River. The capacious bay adjacent, its fine harbors and numerous islands, its small but valuable river, fish, game, and a bountiful supply of timber favorably situated for exportation, early invited white settlers to the town. Ship building was one of the early industries. In 1874 eight vessels were launched from the Yarmouth yards. Today the manufacture of pulp is the chief industry. Here is found one of the largest plants in the country. About 30,000 cords of wood are consumed per year.

The present Methodist Episcopal Church was founded, May 4, 1894, in the house of Capt. Levi Marston, by Rev. H. A. Pearce, and began its existence with nine members. At first the meetings were held in the old white church on Elm Street. The present church was dedicated Nov. 18, 1898, with sermons by Rev. Drs. Luther Freeman and A. S. Ladd. The cost of the edifice was \$5,000. The pastors have been as

follows: Clinton Simonton, 1896; Robert Lawton, 1897; C. A. Brooks, 1899 1904. Rev. Alphonso K. Bryant, the present pastor, was appointed in April, 1904.

Tuesday, July 24, I was at Bowdoinham, preaching in the evening before a good congregation, made up of Baptists and Methodists, who were uniting in their week night service through the summer. Finding my plans somewhat disarranged the day previous, I had telephoned to Rev. F. K. Beem, asking if I might come there, receiving in response a cordial "Come on." Mr. Beem met me at the station, and introduced me to his people during the day, resulting in a goodly gain in his list.

Methodism in Bowdoinham was first established by Timothy Merritt, one of the early itinerant preachers, who, in 1803, in order to relieve the societies of the burden of supporting the preacher's family, came to Bowdoinham, and located on a farm, from which, after laboring with his hands all the week, he sailed forth to his appointments up and down the river, rowing his boat in the summer, and skating on the ice in the winter. He continued this work for some fourteen years, after which he resumed his itinerant career, and became a member of the New England Conference. A chapel was built at East Bowdoinham, which was long occupied by a little company of Methodists, but afterward removed to Decker's Hill, near Richmond, to accommodate the class there. East Bowdoinham for a long time was connected with the Richmond Circuit. A union church was afterward built in the village at Cathance Landing, and used occasionally as the circuit preacher came this way. In 1803 Bowdoinham Circuit, embracing all the territory from Bowdoinham and Litchfield to North Yarmouth, appears for the first time in the Minutes, Rev. True Glidden, preacher in charge. It was called next year the Durham Circuit. There is a long interval concerning which we have no information; but in 1830 Durham Circuit was divided, and the part taken off, including Bowdoinham, Richmond, and a part of Topsham, was called Bowdoinham Circuit, and Rev. John Atwell was appointed preacher in charge. This arrangement continued until 1843, when Richmond and a part of Bowdoinham were set off into a charge by themselves, and Bowdoinham Village and the class in Topsham constituted Bowdoinham Station, with preaching three quarters of the time at Bowdoinham, and one quarter at Topsham. In 1847 the Methodists abandoned the old union meeting house, and a house was erected at Bowdoinham Village, being finished and dedicated soon after the Conference of 1849. From that time all the Sabbath preaching was at the village, with occasional services at Topsham. In process of time a parsonage property was acquired, which served as a home for the pastor until a few months ago, when, by the will of Miss Eliza Purington, an elect lady of the church, a new house, larger and more commodious, situated just across the street, came into their possession. This was enlarged and improved at an expense of over \$1,000, and is now occupied by the pastor, Rev. F. K. Beem, and his family. Mrs. Beem is a direct descendant of John Alden, being but nine generations distant, and has a little girl to whom she has given the name of Priscilla. Among other resident members are Mrs. L. F. Sparks and Mrs. Small, whose father, Rev. C. C. Cone, was an honored member of the Maine Conference. He it was who first introduced the resolution in the Conference condemning the use of tobacco. It seems perfectly natural, therefore, that his daughter, Mrs. Sparks, should be at the head of the local W. C. T. U. Rev. F. K. Beem is having a successful pastorate, and is highly appreciated by his people.

F. H. MORGAN.

36 Bromfield St., Boston.



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### Britons and Boers

THE extension of home rule to the Boers has stirred up a great deal of feeling in England, and the *Times* has been devoting some of its ponderous editorials to the question of the relations of Britons and Boers. The *Times* assumes as indisputable the necessity for maintaining the British supremacy and British principles of political life in the colonies which, after heavy sacrifices, the English wrested from the power of Krugerism. It expresses anxiety lest the present British Government should throw away that supremacy. The Liberal Ministry is accused of playing into the hands of the Boers. It is to be expected that the Boers will lose no chance of turning British ideas out of South Africa, and will take the first opportunity of shaking off what they deem to be British oppression. The critics of the Liberal Ministry claim that a kinder treatment of the Boers will not make them any the less hostile to the British, while the Ministry itself is proceeding on the principle that concessions of moderate political rights to the Boers are not only justified as a measure of equity, but are also, from a selfish point of view, politic. Certainly the opposite policy of coercion, which has colored the treatment of the Boers in South Africa for many years, has not produced a state of tranquillity there, such as is desirable alike for Boers and English. It seems to be reasonable to suppose that under more conciliatory treatment the Boers will feel less resentment against the British, and reconcile themselves more speedily to the inevitable logic of events, which is that Briton and Boer must somehow get on together in South Africa, and should work together for the steady development of that growing empire.

### Surgical Operations on Children

PUBLIC attention has been called of late to the question of the possibility of largely preventing the development of vicious tendencies in children, by a proposition emanating from certain physicians in Philadelphia, who desire to perform surgical operations which, it is

hoped, may have the effect of keeping youth from taking to evil ways. Some operations of this sort have already been performed, it is claimed with good results, on children who have been in the custody of the juvenile court, and whose parents have given their consent to such a procedure. The operations included treatment of children suffering from refraction of the eyes, from imbecility, and from other physical defects which tend to induce abnormality of moral action. The physical examination concerns questions of family history, physical measurements, expression of the eyes, memory, voice, speech, general appearance, and the history and condition of every part of the body. The mental diagnosis is made on the answers to questions of family and physical history, education and hereditary ills. There is a nice ethical point involved in the question, as to whether parents, or for that matter the officers of the law, have any moral right to order such operations performed, and it is also a question whether some surgeons are not altogether too ready to seek an excuse for operating. It is probable that such a broad and momentous question should be settled neither by doctors nor judges alone, but only by a jury sufficiently large to comprise expert physiologists, psychologists, and perhaps a minister or two, and of course the mothers, who are often keener visioned than the experts.

### Alcohol as a Fuel

THE passage by Congress of the act making "denatured" alcohol free from internal taxes is expected to result in a large increase in the use of alcohol as fuel, especially in internal-combustion motors where gasoline is now usually employed. While the thermal value of alcohol is nearly one third less than that of gasoline, it seems to be generally agreed that in an engine of given cylinder dimensions and speed, alcohol, when properly used, will produce a greater output than gasoline, to the extent perhaps of some twenty per cent., the gain being mainly due to the greater compression at which it is possible to work the alcohol without producing auto-ignition, since the greater the expansive action obtained the lower is the temperature of the rejected gases, and the higher is the thermal efficiency. In point of safety, too, the alcohol possesses an advantage in that it has a much lower flashing point than any petroleum product that can be readily worked in an internal combustion engine. Other advantages are that alcohol burns with a pale blue flame with little radiated heat and no soot; that an alcohol fire can be put out with water, because it mixes with the water instead

of floating on it, as gasoline does; and that its odor is inoffensive, while that of gasoline is disagreeable. In engines alcohol works admirably, giving very clean combustion, of which the main product is water vapor. While it is less easily vaporized than gasoline, it is readily enough managed, and is in general productive of excellent efficiency.

### New School for Christian Workers

A SCHOOL for Christian workers—the largest institution of its kind in the country—is to be established in the near future in Philadelphia. The institution will be conducted along lines somewhat similar to the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago and the school at Northfield. The school expects to graduate Y. M. C. A. workers, Bible-class teachers, lay missionaries for city and country, lay evangelists, deaconesses, and pastors' assistants. On the committee of conference are representatives of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, United Presbyterian Church, Reformed Dutch Church, German Reformed Church, Reformed Presbyterian Church, and Reformed Presbyterian Church Synod. Philadelphia has at present a larger percentage of Christian workers, proportionally to population, than any other city in the United States. There is nothing in the present movement that is antagonistic to Princeton Seminary, but the school is designed to give thousands of earnest Christian men and women in Philadelphia an opportunity to engage in broader and more useful fields of work.

### Largest Tube in the World

THE largest tube in the world is said to be the great siphon of Sosa, at Monzon, in the province of Huesca, Spain, which has recently been opened with ceremony by King Alfonso. This siphon is 3,339 feet in length, and is formed of two parallel tubes of 12½ feet interior diameter, intended to support a pressure of 92 feet of water. These tubes, which are made of re-enforced concrete, are calculated to deliver about 9,000 gallons per second. The Spanish engineers deserve great credit for thus successfully solving the problem of carrying the great irrigation canal of Aragon and Catalonia, intended to water 260,000 acres of now almost unproductive land, across the valleys of the rivers Sosa and Ribabona. The high price of an aqueduct caused the substitution of a colossal siphon. A competition was held, and plans involving the use of either iron or of re-enforced cement were invited. The latter material was finally selected, and the work was carried on with extraordinary speed, under the direction of Don José Eugenio

Ribera, who planned and built the fine Maria Christina bridge at San Sebastian.

#### Growing Commerce of Palestine

NOT very much is expected of Palestine in the way of commercial expansion, and hence the news that since the opening of the Jaffa-Jerusalem Railroad the trade of Palestine has made such progress that a new custom-house is needed at Jaffa, the port of entry for Jerusalem, will be received with satisfaction by Zionites and others interested in Eastern affairs. The railroad reports a prosperous year, with receipts of nearly \$200,000, of which about half was profit. Other towns in the same historic region as Jaffa are feeling the touch and stir of modern conditions. At Gaza, which has a population of 40,000, the Government proposes to build a jetty which will permit the handling of cargoes even when the sea is rough. While Beersheba consists of only fifty dwellings, it is rising in importance, for it is the seat of government of a district containing 70,000 Bedouins. The governor of Beersheba, who is a progressive man, is doing his best to encourage the town's growth. A carriage road is now being built from Beersheba to Hebron.

#### Consumption of Coffee

DESPITE the agitation carried on in various quarters, often for purely commercial reasons, against the use of coffee, which undeniably injures some people, the consumption of coffee in the United States in 1904, according to an estimate made by the Department of Commerce and Labor, reached 1,053,000,000 pounds, valued at \$81,000,000. This is equivalent to about thirteen pounds to every man, woman and child in the United States. The total production of the world during 1904 was 2,260,000,000 pounds, the United States consuming nearly half of the total supply. During the same period 104,000,000 pounds of tea, valued at \$17,000,000, were imported. During 1904 the imports of all tropical products, among which coffee holds a prominent place, amounted to \$465,000,000, while the total imports of all sorts reached the enormous sum of \$1,036,000,000.

#### Problems in Cuba

CUBA is at present enjoying a period of prosperity which of itself creates new problems for patient solution by its wisest statesmen. The surplus of Cuba is now accumulating at the rate of \$1,000,000 a month — a fact in which may lurk danger for the island and its Government. Two influences menace Cuba — one an ever-increasing number of the politically disaffected, and the other a system of taxation easily enough borne in a time of industrial prosperity, but likely to prove very burdensome during a period of depression. The Cubans have long been accustomed to regard their central Government as a source of maintenance for all who can crowd under the shadow of the Administration, and are possessed of a sharp appetite for political offices and their emoluments. In so small a country

the possible number of offices is and ought to be small, and as a consequence, in the absence of a vigorous spirit of tried patriotism, the unsupplied turn naturally into hostility to the Administration. The Congress which has just closed its sessions has appropriated about all the money in hand, and even shown a tendency to draw on the future. As the prospects for favorable industrial conditions next year are not as good as they were this past year, this action savors of temerity. Under depressed commercial conditions many of the Cubans are capable of action bordering close on sedition. The fact is that Cuba ought to run a very good government on a revenue of about \$20,000,000. When Spain taxed the island to the extent of \$25,000,000 a year, there was bitter complaint, but the United States took a pardonable pride in a government run on \$17,000,000. This year the expenditures promise to approximate \$40,000,000. Good prices and good crops are the only conditions, it appears, which will avert either a political or a financial crisis next year for the inexperienced and rather unthrifty Cubans.

#### Automobiling Affecting Trade

THE development of the automobile industry is having some side effects on trade which work to the disadvantage of the general public, since it has lifted the price of rubber to an almost intolerable figure for common uses and has increased also the price of gasoline. The demand for leather for the luxurious upholstery of auto carriages is an important factor in the increase of the prices of leather, the price of "spread steer hides" having advanced lately to 17½ cents, while during the paper-money inflation period of the Civil War the highest price reached was 14½ cents. Various other commodities used by autos have also risen in price. The extension of automobiling in England has brought to the fore the question of the improvement, at a considerably enhanced cost to the local rates, of the English highways. The Royal Commission on Motor cars has suggested a higher scale of duties on motor-cars, the proceeds of which should go as a contribution to the enhanced cost of roads, and recommended that the emission of smoke or visible vapor from a motor-car in offensive quantities, and excessive noise and vibration, not of a temporary character, should be made punishable offences. It is plainly a matter of equity that if the general public be compelled to pay higher prices because of the increased demand for various commodities used in the manufacture of automobiles, it should be exempt from nuisances which are not inseparable from motor traction, but are mainly due to bad construction, indifferent materials, and reckless driving.

#### Population of Canal Zone

THE population of the Isthmian Canal Zone, according to a census just taken by the Health Department, is 23,137. If the inhabitants of the Zone who are constantly moving about, and persons who live just outside of it but who are employees of the Commission,

were added, the number would probably be almost 30,000. The population of the city of Panama is 22,547. Of the adults in Panama 7,049 are men and 6,410 women, and 15,111 of the inhabitants are natives of the Panama Republic. Of other nationalities Jamaica ranks second with 1,877, Spain has 1,140, the West Indies (except Jamaica and Porto Rico) have 1,250, this country has 361, Colombia has 869, China 708, and Italy 244. In all the settlements on the Canal Zone blacks outnumber the whites. Culebra, which has a population of 3,966 blacks, 677 whites, and 158 persons described as yellow, is by far the largest town on the Zone. The total number of white Americans on the entire Isthmus of Panama is 3,264, and the entire population of the Canal Zone and of the cities of Panama, Colon and Cristobal, which are to all purposes a part of the Zone, is 57,459.

#### New Constitution for Persia

WHILE Russia lags in her development of constitutional forms of government, Persia, a country from which nothing was naturally expected in that line, has suddenly shot ahead with the promulgation of a brand-new constitution. Six years ago the Shah made an eye-opening tour of the European capitals, and has apparently caught the spirit of liberalism, for he has just granted a national assembly for the first time in the history of Persia. The Persian Minister at Washington has received news that in view of the desire of the Shah for "the extension of national tranquillity for the welfare of Persia and all its inhabitants, and to fortify the Government," it has been "decreed necessary to grant certain reforms and a constitution." The assembly, which will be immediately organized, will be composed of equal parties, namely, princes of the blood, clergy, chief of the reigning dynasty, Cadjar, high dignitaries and personages, merchants, and representatives of corporations. The assembly will meet at Teheran, and it is provided that all civil and constitutional laws shall originate in the assembly, and become effective after signature by the Shah. A national holiday was declared for the Persian people in celebration of this event. It will be noticed that the composition of the assembly is more oligarchic than popular. It remains to be seen whether the career of the new legislature will be longer than that of the once-upon-a-time Turkish assembly, or of the late lamented Douma.

#### Poachers Killed on the Pribiloffs

A CONFLICT occurred last week between Japanese poachers and agents of the lessees of the Pribiloff Islands, under Special Agent Lembeck, who, it appears, is a quasi government official, resulting in the killing of some of the poachers and the arrest of twelve others, who are now held for trial by a United States court. Details of the incident are not at hand, but it is likely to cause an interchange of diplomatic correspondence between Japan and this country.



## BOSTON LETTER

A. REMINGTON.

ALL this publicity about the committee on the revision of the Sunday law will call all the more attention to the existence of the committee itself. It will advertise to the world what sort of committee they are. It will challenge them, rather, to prove to the world what sort of committee they are not. They are on the defensive before the public; and, to a singular degree, they are forced to clear up their own characters and reputations before the world. Presumably, when they were appointed by President Dana and Speaker Cole, they were the pick of the Massachusetts legislature for fitness to examine upon the nearness of existing law to the ideal standard for a Sunday law to attain, and to report in a practical way what was the best method of making the ideal actual. Presumably, also, they were men of godly life, full of reverence for sacred things, if such men were to be found in the legislature, and they were men of experience, tact, and successful record in the adaptation of means to an end.

But their first Sunday at Nantasket Beach, when some of their party were at least hauled up for overspeeding in an automobile, when they accepted the hospitality of the manager of Paragon Park, when they might have to pass officially upon the nature of his observance of the Sunday, hurt their prestige badly. Doubtless they have been outrageously maligned by the stories in the New York press falsely telling about their arrest. So far as they are representatives of Massachusetts and have been subjected to a scandalous falsehood, it is the privilege and pleasure of every citizen to come to their defence in the name of the State and to affirm vigorously the truth, namely, that these representatives of Massachusetts did not conduct themselves at all in the way represented; that they were not arrested; and that there is no reason to suspect that they compromised the State by any act personally in derogation of its dignity. They are amply justified in denouncing the slander upon themselves personally and upon the State as represented by them, and if they bring suit for slander against the papers which defamed them, they will have many wishers for their success.

But they have made a mistake in going at all outside of the State for an object-lesson whereon to base a judgment regarding the present law or regarding the changes, if any, which should be made in the law. Not what the mass of the people want in way of Sunday observance, but what they ought to have, should be their standard of action. Particularly, if there is reason to believe that the Sunday practices of the people are below the standard which ought to be observed, the committee ought not to conform its report to the popular practice; but it should report a standard to which the popular practice should be made to conform.

Thus far the record of the committee has given warning to the people that the members may not have been the pick of the legislature in personal reverence for the Sabbath or in expert ability to frame legislation to make an ideal standard actual. Since "forewarned is forearmed," the people, therefore, know now that it is for them to be on the watch and make sure that no personal tendency toward laxness on the part of the committee shall be indulged without making it clear that there is a vigorous public protest against any further relaxation of the laws.

It is to be regretted that in some religious

quarters there seems to be a disposition to let down the standard still further, to follow the lax tendency and to drift with what has seemed to be the tide. It is quite possible that these would-be leaders are mistaken in supposing that there is a majority demand for further laxness. It would not be strange if there should be proven the existence of a strong feeling in the other direction. As there is a popular revulsion against filthy canned meat, as there is a determination to grapple with Standard Oil and to stop railroad rebates, so it may appear that there is an aroused moral sense which will demand a stricter observance of the Lord's Day as no more than a mark of common decency and honesty in our relation to Him whom we profess to worship as the God of our nation, our Preserver and Judge, as He was our fathers'. If our people want a Sunday law worthy of the solemn relations which exist between themselves and their Maker, and which shall embody what they regard as justly due from them to Him as an expression of their devotion, they can have it by following up the developments in connection with this committee on the revision of the Sunday law.

## Stimulus to Better Living

It has been the fortune of your correspondent to spend a summer Sunday in a part of the State where the only forenoon service was in the Roman Catholic Church, where no service was held in the afternoon, and where the only evening service was in the Episcopal Church. The forenoon service continued exactly from 10 to 10 30. To the credit of the people, let it be said that the building was filled—floor and gallery. But there was not a note of music in all their service, nor was there the slightest pretext of an address. Nearly all of the time was occupied by the priest, standing with back to the congregation, in reading prayers or Scripture in a rapid monotone. Perhaps lack of familiarity with the service prevented gaining as much benefit from it as perhaps the people did, but all that could be detected in the first part were the words, "oramus," "lex," "Maria," "nos," and "dominus vobiscum." In another part the words, "conversion of sinners," justify the guess that the remainder was in English. But no other words could be detected by the closest diligence. How much help for the burdens of the week could that congregation have received? In the evening, though the devotional part was fitting, helpful and reverential, yet the main idea of the sermon was that it is in the divine order of things that the rich shall grow richer and the poor poorer, and that it is of no use to oppose the divine order. Therefore men would better keep still and be content. Where would our progress be with such a religion as that? If these two churches are a fair illustration of the stimulus and inspiration which come to the average rural people from their Sunday service, is it any wonder that there is a decadence of morality, as well as of worldly enthusiasm, in the out-of-the-way places of the State? Yet this place was not especially secluded, for it has steam and electric-car connections.

## Public Issues

By common consent this exceptionally trying summer weather is complicated by an equally exceptional aggregation of issues to be passed upon by the people in their organic capacity. Such a condition has not been presented to the Massachusetts voters in many years. As the season has advanced, the complications have increased rather than been dissipated. It is yet a puzzle whether national issues will be

supreme, as the regular political managers of both the large parties prefer, or whether John B. Moran will force his candidacy upon the Democrats and make their platform his personal qualities, and the opponents of Gov. Guild in the Republican camp will be able to focus attention upon his personal record, as far as it has been displeasing to them, and thus to keep national issues in the background. Aside from the national tariff policy, moral issues promise to have a prominent place in the thoughts of the people. In addition to the Sunday law, there are the temperance issues which have been before the people for months—the screen law, the abutter's objection law, the schoolhouse law, and so on. Even if these are not in the party platforms, they will come up in connection with the election of members of the legislature.

Further than this, reform measures will demand attention. The wage-earners' clubs which are being organized in all parts of the State will put their stirring questions to Republicans and Democrats alike, and they must say before the election what they think of the vital problems of the day. The Referendum League is already sharpening its pens and its wits for the coming campaign. It, too, will ask for an expression of opinion from all candidates in regard to the public opinion bill, which passed the last House overwhelmingly and was rejected by the Senate, also overwhelmingly, and without even the formality or decency of an argument against it. The agitators for better things who are so energetic and so successful with the Civic League will have a new and formidable array of reforms to be added to the long list they succeeded with last year. In every direction the body politic feels the thrill of a quicker and higher life, and they advertise themselves for poor statesmen in this respect who would restrict and dwarf its activities.

## Personal Mention

Rev. Dr. Albert H. Plumb, taking his vacation in Berkshire County, gets talked about among the towns as a scholarly and able preacher of the old school.

In the five western counties are 162 towns and cities, all of which but Southboro are in the mission territory covered by Rev. Mr. Sniffen for the Episcopal Church, and it is a very large district for one man however able. Self-supporting churches are not visited, but the separateness and remoteness of the mission churches makes the work arduous.

This person shall be unnamed. He was only five or six years old, and mortally afraid of thunder. His mother, in the second-story window, overheard him say, as he ran fearfully into the house from the rattling peals overhead: "O God, remember I'm a minister's son!"

It was another one of a few years more, frightened terribly by thunder, on being put into his crib at night in the midst of a thunderstorm and asked what prayer he would say—as he thought he had outgrown "Now I lay me"—who replied in a spasm of terror: "Anything you want me to." He said "Now I lay me," and at once went to sleep regardless of the thunder.

Rev. John Wise, born in Roxbury in 1652, has been rediscovered as one of the earliest and greatest of American Democrats and statesmen, whose very expressions are in the Declaration of Independence of 1776 and whose ideas have shaped the destiny of the nation. Elwin D. Mead has brought out some of them in the Old South leaflet series.

### THE WORTH OF IDEALS

IN his little volume entitled, "Science and Idealism," Professor Hugo Munsterberg of Harvard argues for the worth of ideals, condemning the attitude of modern science, which accepts our ideals of beauty, of religion, and of morality as merely products of social development, and at best provisional. He declares that science itself must fall asunder if we disbelieve in absolute ideals, and that esthetic, moral and religious values belong forever to our real world, which without them would be not a world, but a chaos; not real, but a dream. He compares the universe to a melody in which "those first tones have a right to demand that last one." Our need to understand the world as such, he continues, can be fulfilled only by "the system of our convictions," of which "the immediate form is religion."

Defective as Professor Munsterberg's logic may be on such matters as immortality or revealed religion — defective either by reason of deficit or of misdirection — it cannot be denied that he has rendered an important service in denying the persistent claim of materialistic critics of the right to test everything religious in the laboratory. In somewhat similar fashion Goldwin Smith, whom none can accuse of partiality to dogma, reminds us that faith "is the evidence of things not seen," and says: "I demur to the assumption that physical development is the end, as well as to the assumption that nothing of which our bodily senses are not cognizant can be true." "If our moral perceptions are natural," he asks, "ought they to be put out of account?" It is a happy circumstance that both of these well-known writers emphasize the worth in life of absolute ideals. Man is made for something higher than himself, his own physical processes, his mental whimsies, and his social meanderings. Idealism, not materialism, the real and not the seeming, the eternal and not the temporal, afford the true goal for human aspiration and endeavor.

### THE HANDS OF THE MASTER

SOME years ago a young minister was called to see a poor old woman dying in a hospital. He went with the purpose of supplying spiritual instruction and comfort, but the patient seemed almost unconscious of, or even indifferent to, his ministrations. Still, he did what he could, and did not fail to read a portion of God's Word — that message which is always timely, whether in sickness or in health. Hardly knowing whether he was making any impression or not, he read on — it may have been the sweet words of the 23d Psalm — when suddenly, no word being spoken by the sufferer, she laid her thin hands upon his, and murmured: "The hands of the Master!" The poor woman had recognized the ministry of the young preacher as being a touch of the grace of Jesus Christ; and his hands were as the hands of her Lord to her.

The Apostle Paul has a phrase which speaks of always bearing about in the body the marks of the Lord Jesus. Paul

may literally have carried on his person the bruises and scars of wounds inflicted in persecution as a consequence of his stalwart defence of the faith of Jesus. Every Christian is supposed to evidence in his character and life a similarity to his divine Lord, so that others may take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus. His eyes must be as Christ's eyes, his hearing as Christ's hearing, his voice as Christ's voice, and his hands as the hands of the Master. The physical hands of the Master no longer touch away disease and raise the fallen and point to the skies as they did in Judea of old, but still Christ has His busy hands, and works through the service of His followers. Much of this ministry of life, too, is unconscious ministry. Little is said, the aid is given in quietness, but surely, nevertheless, men know that the

minister, teacher, physician, or other worker laboring for them, has the hands of the Master, and speaks, as it were, in the very tones of the Lord himself.

It is worth a great deal to acquire the sacred art of thus impressing all with whom one comes in contact with the fact that the real Minister in the minister is the Lord himself, and that what is done in His name is done by Him. Christianity always makes rapid progress when Christians carry about with them wherever they go an atmosphere of Christliness, an aroma of holiness, a spiritual scent which is as the fragrance of the rose gardens of Bulgaria. If you have walked with the Beloved in the vineyards of Engedi, others, too, will catch the contagion of that divine affection; if Christ be your panoply, men will be your spoil.

### James Brierley

FOR a half-dozen years or more a patch of crimson color has been growing on the book shelves of many ministers and thoughtful laymen in America. The group of volumes thus standing conspicuous among the soberer blacks and greens in their neighborhood, bears the author's name stamped simply, "J. Brierley." The latest number to be added to the collection is "The Eternal Religion," in a review of which the London *Daily News* speaks of its author as occupying to this generation in England the position which Frederick W. Robertson occupied to the last generation. Many a reader who has fallen in with the single essays or the books, has wished to know something of the personality of the writer. This brief sketch is designed to furnish certain items of this desired information.

James Brierley is an Englishman, and was born in Leicester in 1843. His father was a Yorkshireman who migrated to Leicester in the early twenties of the last century, and established there a large factory for the spinning of worsted. In his early years the father was a Methodist, but later joined the Congregational Church. In his library, which was largely theological, his son read voraciously. When the boy was but twelve he was devouring Locke and other books in the literature of power.

Young Brierley was educated at a Yorkshire boarding-school, and for a year or two after completing this course he was employed in his father's business. During the storm and stress period of his religious life, doubts and difficulties drove him almost into infidelity; but a thorough, earnest examination of Christianity brought him back to a profound conviction of its essential truth. As a result of this happy issue, he became an active worker in the church and Sunday-school, and also a village preacher.

In 1864 Mr. Brierley entered New College, London, studied for the ministry, and graduated at London University, winning the distinction of a scholarship. Towards the close of this period of university study his health broke most seriously, and since that time he has never been physically strong. He began his ministry by assuming a pastorate at Tor-

ington, Devon, the scene of the ministry of John Howe, who was Cromwell's chaplain. Here he spent five happy years, whence he went to Leytonstone, a London suburb, where he built and filled a large, handsome church. His health failed again here, however, and in the attempt to recover it he resigned his pastorate and traveled extensively, going as far east as Constantinople and Trebizond, meeting many rough and thrilling experiences in the troubled state of the country.

He returned from the Orient and again took up pastoral work in a southern suburb of London, where a large church was built and filled. Another physical collapse, however, led to his retiring from the active ministry in 1886. With his family he moved to Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, where, with the partial recovery of his strength, he engaged in various studies, especially in the direction of modern and mediæval continental literature. A series of articles which he wrote while at Neuchâtel to the *Christian World* attracted attention, and the editor invited him to come to London and take a position on that paper. This offer was accepted, and he returned to England in 1890, and has remained ever since with the *Christian World*. His editorials, both those printed without signature and those bearing the familiar initials, "J. B.," are read very widely in England by persons of all shades of religious and political opinion, and are recognized as giving peculiar character and strength to the paper.

It is during the years since 1890, and out of these numerous essays and editorials, that his books have been gathered and successively published. "From Philistia," "Studies of the Soul," "Ourselves and the Universe," "Problems of Living," "The Common Life," and "The Eternal Religion," have found a large and growing sale in England and America, and translations of some of these volumes into four different languages are either already completed or well under way.

Mr. Brierley was married, in 1871, to Miss Selina Crossley, of Leicester, and has four sons and a daughter. His eldest



son is the successor of Rev. Wm. J. Dawson at Highbury Quadrant Church, London, and is married to an American lady from Wakefield, Mass. Mr. Brierley counts a large company of American friends, a growing fellowship of which he wrote not long ago: "How absurd it would be for Americans and English to try to think of each other as foreigners! Not all the constitutions, state legislatures, national legislatures, trade interests—even school histories—can ever prevent us from realizing, when we come together, that we are actually and forever one. I count my American friends as amongst life's choicest treasures."

He preaches and lectures occasionally, besides doing his editorial work on the *Christian World*; but his delicate health compels him to limit engagements of that sort. He dares not undertake yet the strenuous enterprise of an American visit. Perhaps the demands have been presented to him too severely.

Readers of the "Brierley Books"—for they already form a class by themselves—are probably clear and quite at one in their judgment as to the peculiar quality of these essays. The author is not a formal theologian. As R. J. Campbell says, in reviewing the last volume: "Formal theology has long since given him up." Constructive, however, he surely is. His work stimulates, quickens, and moves ever toward the definition and defense of the eternal, positive affirmations of the spirit. Mr. Brierley is not primarily a literary artist. His

pages abound in gracious and finished sentences, but sometimes his thought breaks, in abrupt form, "up from the burning core below." The secret of interest in these papers does not lie simply in the richness with which the writer's mind is stored, and the alertness and skill with which he uses what he has gathered from his wide range of reading. In the earlier volumes there was sometimes an overwhelming amount of reference and quotation. In the more recent work the play of the author's mind is more fully revealed. The supreme and precious quality of Mr. Brierley's essays consists in the fact that he is essentially a seer. The much used and often overworked term, "prophet," may be applied to him in the confidence that it is not abused in the application. Mr. Brierley possesses erudition. His mind is facile, and sometimes almost impetuous; but most of all he has the gift of insight, keen discernment of the ultimate meanings both of principles and of history. He does not assume the air of Sir Oracle; his readers are conscious, however, that he is reporting the results of original research and native insight. It is this quality in his mind which has made him lately one of the most stimulating teachers of the American ministry, and is winning for him a growing constituency of readers in Europe. His voice challenges the careless passer-by, induces an unrest in the superficial mind, and ministers to the profound thinker. It is the word of the seer alone which can do this.

cloud by day and of fire by night. And there joined them the sword and stout soldier's heart of Myles Standish."

It is a peculiarity of a certain type of mind that it must either wholly praise or wholly condemn. This is the kind of critics who are "kicking against the pricks" in their assault upon Hon. John D. Long because he told the simple truth about the Pilgrims.

#### Chain Letter Nuisance

**B**ISHOP LAWRENCE will have the sympathy of all sane Christian people in his effort to stop an "Endless Prayer Chain," which was started last May and attributed to him, and which has reached such wide circulation and become such a nuisance, that he is compelled to ask the public press to come to his relief. The Bishop sends the following statement for publication: "The Endless Chain of Prayer," said to have been written by Bishop Lawrence, is a hoax. Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts never wrote it and knows nothing about it. It is the work of some demented or mischievous person."

Greatly as the Bishop has been annoyed by this matter, we trust some good will come out of it in calling general attention to the matter of "chain letters," for most of this work is fraudulent in purpose and execution. Systematic solicitation for unworthy causes has been carried on in this way very extensively by self-appointed and irresponsible parties, accountable to no one but themselves. The vast system of chain letters is an impertinent imposition, and mainly a swindle, and those receiving such letters should immediately proceed to break the chain by refusing to comply. The worst feature of it is that in very many instances good people have been deceived by the pious phraseology of the letters into a feeling of obligation to the cause presented.

#### PERSONALS

—Bishop Charles H. Fowler will be 69 years old, Aug. 11.

—The *Western Christian Advocate* presents the names of eleven members of the East Ohio Conference who are sons of ministers.

—Rev. D. W. Howell, of North Church, Hartford, Conn., will spend August lecturing and preaching at Chautauqua Assemblies in Illinois.

—Bishop M. C. Harris, following a Japanese custom, celebrated his 60th birthday, July 9, by sending to his friends a beautifully printed greeting, including Brownings' "Grow Old Along with Me."

—We are gratified to announce that we have a letter, written by Rev. Dillon Bronson, D. D., on "Glimpses of Some of Italy's Hill Towns," which will appear in the next issue.

—Mr. Arthur E. Dennis, of Brookline, who went abroad, June 16, with Rev. Dr. Dillon Bronson, Mr. Richard Husted, and others, and who has greatly enjoyed his trip, is expected to return home this week.

—Rev. Dr. William C. Steele, for fifty-three years a Methodist minister, a member for thirty seven years of the New York East Conference, died on Sunday, Aug. 5. He raised several volunteer companies during the Civil War, and worked his way through the fighting lines to bring home a wounded comrade who was a member of his church. For thirteen years he was chaplain at Randall's Island. His charac-

#### Critics Would Better Go Slow

**H**ON. JOHN D. LONG of this Commonwealth is being subjected to drastic criticism in some quarters because of his statements recently at Plymouth concerning the Pilgrims. Here is a paragraph that is giving serious offence to those who indiscriminately glorify the Plymouth colony:

"The saints in Plymouth colony can be counted on the fingers. Some of the very elect were false to their trust and used their positions to feather their own nests—falsely to the trust than any president of a modern insurance company. Within the first decade social vices infested the community; drunkenness, bickering, slander, licentiousness, and even crimes against nature were common. All this took place in a community of very limited numbers. No New England village of today need fear comparison with the early Plymouth colony."

We shall not enter into the facts in the case at this writing, but having known ex-Governor Long for a quarter of a century or more—what he is and what he so indubitably stands for—we advise his critics to go slow. They would better devote attention first and very critically to the question whether or not Mr. Long's allegations are not fully justified by the facts in the case. John D. Long is not a "muck-raker," nor is he given to sensationalism. His utterances were upon an occasion of moment, and he well knew when he prepared them with special care, as he does all his public addresses, that they would be challenged. He has lived close to, and has been a critical, unprejudiced and admiring student of, the Pilgrims for a life time. The inference, then, clearly is that he had abundant proof for every declaration that he made on that occasion. But we advise his critics to read his entire address before

they proceed to deliver themselves. Mr. Long evidently presented, as is his wont, an all round, just view of the Pilgrims, giving his hearers and those who were to read after him a discriminating and, therefore, very valuable view of the first settlers in Plymouth. Here are some things he said to their distinguished credit:

"Such men make not only the true church, but the true state. They are the very salt of the plain people, on whom is the reliance of the present and the future. Plain people indeed were these Pilgrims, but, ah! how consummate and true were the leaders!—the same sort of men who have given us the New England ideal, the New England civilization, who gave our country independence and constitutional government, who have developed our education and our industries, which are the best education—the same sort of men who are selectmen of our towns or members of a President's cabinet, for either of which places the same qualities are requisite."

"When their native land became intolerable by reason of the persecutions they suffered, they with the same calm deliberation crossed the waters with their families and their meagre goods to Holland and walked there in God's way. Read Bradford's statement of the various reasons which thirteen years later led them to seek this distant and then savage shore—the unadaptedness of Holland to their ideals, the temptations to which it exposed their children, the duty of carrying the Gospel to the New World. The matter was considered on all sides, religious, moral and material. There was no indifference to their worldly interests. It was no mad crusade, no pilgrimage made on bare feet, or in shoes sprinkled with pebbles. There was the liberal and exalted spirit of John Robinson, that pure, free taper of celestial light; the rugged sense of William Brewster and William Bradford and John Carver; the keen diplomatic facility of Edward Winslow. There was the high, sweet domestic inspiration of their devoted wives, carrying the family altar always with them, a pillar of

ter was singularly gentle, and in all his churches he was known as the "children's friend." Dr. Steele was a "minister" in the largest sense of the word.

— Bishop L. B. Wilson will hold nine Conferences in nine consecutive weeks this fall.

— Mrs. G. F. Swift, of Chicago, has given \$5,000 for a library fund of the Chicago Training School for Deaconesses.

— Bishop Hamilton recently preached before 6,000 people at the Long Beach (Cal.) Chautauqua.

— Rev. C. L. Goodell, D. D., of Calvary Church, New York city, presided over the conference on Pastoral Evangelism at Northfield, on the afternoon of Aug. 11.

— Rev. Dr. James W. Lee, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, preached on Sunday in Brooklyn at the union services of the Bethany Reformed, the Central Baptist, and the Simpson Churches.

— Dr. Daniel Bonbright, dean emeritus and head of the department of Latin of Northwestern University, has the distinction of completing fifty years as an instructor in that institution.

— Rev. Dr. Charles Bayard Mitchell, pastor of First Church, Cleveland, O., who is occupying his pulpit all summer, speaks twice each week at the noon hour to skilled workmen in several of the largest machine shops in the city.

— Rev. and Mrs. Vernon M. McCombs leave New York, Aug. 17, on steamer "Panama" for Callao, Peru, to take up educational and evangelistic work there under appointment of the Missionary Society. Mrs. McCombs is the daughter of Rev. Fred E. White, of Enosburg Falls, Vt.

— The estate of the late Mr. William R. Sutton of England is said to be worth \$10,000,000, and much the greater part of this sum is directed by his will to be used for the erection of model dwellings for the poor, to be rented to them for a low sum, the amount being left to the discretion of the trustees.

— Rev. Sam Small, the evangelist, who was reclaimed recently at Atlanta, Ga., under the influence of Mr. Torrey's preaching, was recently the guest at dinner of Vice President Fairbanks, at his Indianapolis home. Mr. Small is holding special meetings in that city.

— Rev. Dr. Frederick H. Wright, formerly pastor of the American Church in Rome, is now, under the direction of the Missionary Secretaries, looking after the interests of the Station Plan of the Missionary Society. Dr. Wright's address for the present will be 150 Fifth Avenue, New York city.

— A number of admirers of Keats and Shelley propose to purchase the house in the Piazza di Spagna, where Keats died in 1821, and to establish in it a museum of souvenirs and editions of the two poets. The graves containing Keats' body and Shelley's heart in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome, are frequently decorated with fresh flowers, especially during the winter months.

— Many will be pained to learn of the grief which has invaded the home of Mr. and Mrs. Anton N. Sederquist, of Waltham. Mr. Sederquist is an honored official member of Immanuel Church in that city, and his wife is a daughter of the late Rev. A. F. Herrick. On Monday morning of last week Mrs. A. F. Herrick, accompanied by a daughter, left Mrs. Sederquist's home to take an electric car near by. The little boys, aged six and four respectively, accompanied their grandmother and aunt,

to say good-by at the corner. Taking leave of the children, the ladies boarded the car, when suddenly the passengers were horrified to see Ross, the younger boy, step from the sidewalk into the street to wave a further good-by, and, laughingly waving his hand, move backward toward a horse which stood behind him, attached to a heavy wagon. Before any one could effectively interfere, the little fellow reached the horse. The startled animal leaped forward. The child was thrown violently to the ground, and both wheels passed over him. He was quickly carried to his home, where he died at night-fall. Most tender and sympathetic funeral services were conducted by Rev. Jesse Wagner.

— Rev. J. W. Hatch, of Belfast, Me., writes the editor from our Deaconess Hospital, this city, under date of Aug. 6, as he was about to leave for his home: "The operation was so skillfully performed, and I have been cared for so tenderly, that without exaggeration it has been pleasant to be here. I have been in a number of hospitals (not as a patient), but there is an atmosphere here I never breathed about a hospital before."

— Rev. Charles H. Kelly, ex president of the Wesleyan Conference, has apparently completely recovered from his recent severe illness, but now comes the announcement that Rev. Nehemiah Curnock, editor of the *Methodist Recorder*, who undertook some of Mr. Kelly's work while he was laid aside, has been stricken with serious heart failure very similar to that which afflicted Mr. Kelly, and which is attributed directly to the strain of overwork. Mr. Curnock's physician has forbidden his entering a train for six months.

— The *Standard*, of Buenos Aires, South America, published in English and comparing favorably with our best daily papers, devotes several columns to a report of the Fourth of July celebration in that city. Bishop Neely made the principal address. The *Standard*, in referring to it, says: "After the orchestra executed 'Yankee Doodle,' to the delight of the whole assemblage, Bishop Thomas B. Neely spoke on 'The Land We Live In,' and his speech can be classified as the most brilliant of the evening. His words were full of patriotic fire and sentiment, and he was frequently interrupted by outbursts of enthusiastic applause."

— A special cable from London to the *New York Times* contains striking references to Winston Churchill of Great Britain and Winston Churchill of New Hampshire. The following comparison is made: "Two of the men most conspicuous in the foreground of public life at the present moment are the Wineton Churchills. Ours has set the empire ringing with his speech on the Transvaal constitution. America's is the cynosure of 80,000,000 pairs of eyes in the States on two accounts: He has just published a new novel ["Coniston"] acclaimed on the one hand as better than Thackeray's best, and on the other as worse than Thackeray could have written at his worst. Moreover, he fills the eyes of politicians, because he is a candidate for Governor of New Hampshire. Here is Lord Randolph Churchill's son at one and thirty the most striking and picturesque figure in the Liberal party—a potential premier. Across the water is his cognominal double, a man of thirty four aiming at a post which is a step upon the way of a man whose goal is the Presidency."

— Rev. Dr. O. P. Gifford, of Buffalo, formerly of this city, is preaching some very able and convincing sermons at the Commonwealth Ave. Baptist Church, this city,

during his vacation, which he spends at his summer home at Cottage City. Dr. Gifford is a fine illustration of the preacher with a distinct message, who carries "sermonic art" in preparation and execution to the highest perfection. Reading his text from the open Bible, he then steps to the side of the pulpit, and without note or memoranda of any kind, with faultless rhetoric and at times impassioned oratory, always under perfect self-control, he sends his never to be forgotten message home to his hearers. Dr. Gifford is a striking object lesson of the splendid effect which results from painstaking preparation for preaching the Gospel.

## BRIEFLETS

The seventh General Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada will meet in the city of Montreal, in St. James Church, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of Wednesday, Sept. 12, 1906.

If a man does not care for neighbors, let him move into the wilderness. But if he would have neighbors and the benefit of neighbors, let him treat them neighborly.

The kind of treatment we give our bodies will depend upon whether it is our habit to look through the windows of the soul upon the body, or through the windows of the body upon the soul.

The imposition of a fifteen years' sentence upon the leader of a lynching party in North Carolina—an unheard-of verdict in the South so far as we remember—is one of the most hopeful indications of the times.

Owing to mechanical considerations, we have been compelled to place upon the central pages of this issue (pp. 1040, 1041) the plate and explanatory matter which we would have been glad to see in our ordinary editorial pages without disturbance to other departments. We hope no reader will miss the reading.

"Has my ZION'S HERALD come?" So cried expectantly, almost excitedly, a lady at the Cottage City post office the other day. There are many who await as eagerly the paper week by week. It is a good thing to encourage this spirit of expectancy for ZION'S HERALD. The paper is worth waiting for, and asking for, and reading when it comes. There is no better visitor in any home than a good, clean, live, religious newspaper.

A letter just received from Rev. William W. Guth, Pa. D., written from San Francisco, closes with these impressive words: "Neither tongue nor pen can describe the situation in San Francisco. Methodism here needs every dollar and every heart-throb a sympathizing church at large can give."

There has always been in history the type of man who thinks that his abilities fit him to be prime minister, when in fact they only qualify him to run a peanut stand. "Uncle" Joe Cannon declares that the difference between the days of his youth and those of the present is just this—in the good old days a young man was satisfied to paddle his own canoe, but nowadays every one thinks that he has a call to steer the ship of state. There is a good deal of practical philosophy condensed in that suc-



## God's Promises

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

THE solvency of a bank or the strength of a government gives their value to the notes they issue. So it is the infinite solvency of the Divine Ruler that makes all God's promises to be "exceeding great and precious." And on them rests the true Christian's assurance and his peace of mind in the darkest hours. It was happily expressed by an old negro on a Virginian plantation, whom a friend of mine once asked, "How is it, Caesar, that you are always the happiest man on the plantation?" "Because, sah, I always lays flat down on the promises, and I prays straight up." Humble, happy soul! he was not the first man who has eased an aching heart by laying it on God's pillows, or the first who has risen up the stronger for a repose on the unchangeable words of the infinite love.

God's promises are as "great" as their Giver. Open thy casket, my brother! Pour out the golden ingots stamped with the image and superscription of the King! Count over the diamonds that flash in thy hands like stars! Compute, if you can, the worth of this single jewel: "He that believeth on Me shall have everlasting life;" or this other one: "Ask and you shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." Then remember who it is that made these promises and to what poor, unworthy creatures they are given. When Julius Caesar once gave a man a great gift, the man said: "This is too great for me to receive." And the noble Roman replied: "It is not too great for me to give." The smallest promise in our Bible casket is too much for us poor sinners to deserve; yet the largest promise is not too large for our Heavenly Father to make good. He scorns to act meanly by His children, and wonders that we so often act meanly toward Him.

Many people commit the grievous mistake of forgetting that nearly all of the Divine promises are conditional. God as a sovereign has a right to prescribe the terms on which He will bestow His priceless blessings. The Bible sparkles with promises of salvation; but to whom? Are they made to any man unconditionally? Not that I can discover. God commandeth all men everywhere to repent, and makes repentance of sin one condition of salvation. Another condition is—faith on the crucified Son of God. "He that believeth on the Lord Jesus Christ hath everlasting life; he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed on the only begotten Son of God; he shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." These terms are explicit enough. Is it not strange that any one should expect to be saved who is nullifying all God's promises by refusing to comply with God's terms?

Salvation is a matter of covenant. God lays down His conditions in the Gospel. The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin, and he that cometh to Christ shall in no wise be cast out. Observe how thickly the precious promises are strewn around one spot—the cross of Calvary.

There they are as sparkling as the diamonds in the sands of Golconda. My friend, if you desire the benefit of these promises, which are large enough to awaken the envy of an angel, you must go to Calvary for them; that is your hill of hope and your mount of mercy. Every drop of sacred blood from the crucified Lamb of God is an infinite invitation of Divine love. The cross itself—in its stupendous signification—is one eternal, unchangeable promise "exceeding great and precious." But to be saved you must go to the Saviour, and your going to Him in sincere penitence and faith is your part in complying with God's sovereign conditions. This age has discovered many new things; it has discovered no new terms of salvation. They are as old and as glorious as Calvary.

As we have said of the promises of the full salvation that they lie beside the cross of the atoning Jesus, so it may be said of the promises in regard to prayer: they are to be found beside the mercy-seat. "Ask, and ye shall receive." There is no receiving without the right asking; no finding without the right seeking; no opening to us unless we knock with the right spirit. If you have ever gone to that mercy-seat and come away empty, it was because you asked amiss. If you regarded iniquity in your heart, if you carried only the cravings of pride and selfish lust instead of the supplications of submissive faith, then the very promises became warnings to seal your lips. God makes His own conditions. To penitence and faith He gives liberally; to selfishness or unbelief, nothing. He loves to give when we will let Him give; and is never better pleased than when we importune Him with His own words, and plead before Him His own promises. Yet there is a fearful amount of skepticism, even with many professed Christians, in regard to the answering of prayer.

Good people often forget that there are many sincere and proper petitions that we cannot expect to see answered at once. Many a faithful mother's prayers for her children have brought down precious blessings upon them long after the sod has grown green over her slumbering dust. The first martyr, Stephen, prayed during the agonies of death for his persecutors; when he was in paradise the young bigot who was an accomplice in his murder became a trophy of redeeming grace. Let desponding parents and desponding churches remember that God often puts perseverance to the test, and delay does not mean denial. God sometimes puts a long date to His promises. David does not come into his promised kingdom for many a year, and Abraham does not see his promised son until he is an old man. The grain that is now gladdening the fields slept under the snow and frozen clods all through the long winter. How often I think of the reply of the simple-hearted old nurse to the mother who was worrying over her sick child: "Ma'am, you just trust God; He's tedious, but He's sure." I don't believe that there is such a thing in the history

of God's kingdom as a right prayer offered in the right spirit that is forever left unanswered.

For honest, fervent prayers are often answered in a different manner from our expectations. God blesses the good intention, but does not grant the strict letter of the request. Jacob, when he blessed the sons of Joseph, laid his right hand on the son who stood at his left side. So our Heavenly Father takes off the hand of His blessing from what we asked for, and lays it on another something that is more for our good to have. Paul besought God three times over that the "thorn in his flesh" might be taken away. God heard him and answered him—not by removing the thorn, but by the sweet assurance, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and Paul's victorious patience has been a lesson for millions of suffering saints to this present day. God works on long lines, but with an unerring hand; in this life we look at the weaving tapestry of His providence on the raveled side; in eternity we shall see the tapestry beautifully finished without one thread of His promises broken.

Heaven itself is now only a promise to the best man or woman on this wide globe.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

## NEARING HOME

REV. E. C. BASS, D. D.

WHEN a long journey is nearing its end, and the traveler finds himself packing his trunk for the last time, thoughts of home will occupy his mind more and more, and more and more emotion will answer to thought. The writer is such a traveler. Very much of a long journey is passed, and the home-land is soon to be in full view.

This journey was begun with no knowledge, no plan, no thought of one tomorrow. I had traveled over much of the way without discovering that I was not at home. I was traveling, and did not know it. How long I traveled in such ignorance, I do not know, and much less do I know how far my feet went astray. But one day (perhaps it was more than a year of days), I came to know that I was not at home. I was a stranger and in a strange land. Whence? How? Why? Whither? became serious questions, and the last the most serious of all. How many paths I tried! How many foolish questions I asked! How many foolish advisers I found!

But at last I found myself—by being found by One who knew me better than I knew myself! And though home was so very far away, how plain and direct and safe the way! And the more willingly and carefully I kept to that path, the plainer it grew, and the more direct I found it, and the safer it proved. But how many times I tried some side paths, and always to my pain and loss! How blessed the day when I ceased to experiment, and my goings were established!

For more than fifty years I have had my face turned homeward—less or more constantly and firmly. I have sailed wide seas, have plodded over wide and wearisome plains, and have climbed some steep and high mountains, and groped

through sunless valleys. At times melody and beauty and visions of glory have enchanted me. I have journeyed much alone, and with much and delightful company.

Many of my fellow-travelers along portions of the way have suddenly separated from me — having found some quicker way home. But, on the whole, year after year, an increasing number have come into this goodly fellowship of home-goers. Among the chiefest joys of the journey has been that of persuading now and then one to come with me.

And now the end is nearing. I have caught momentary views of the ever-glowing mountain-tops of the homeland. Nearer home by a half-century; nearer by many trials patiently endured; nearer by all well-resisted temptations; nearer by every difficulty overcome. But how much nearer still had patience, and love, and faith, and consecration not failed so sadly and so often! Perchance I might have been at home already, and for years, had I better served and followed Him who first showed me the way, and who has met me at a thousand by-paths, and proffered me His wisdom and help in every time of need and of danger.

Home — yes, home! It is just yonder — beyond that one remaining hilltop, on the other side of one more river. See the home comers! What a multitude! And their paths are all converging. "The crossing must be near." What hosts have trodden these last stages of the journey! I am soon to be there, and with so many that I have missed awhile.

And will they know me? Will I know them? "As the angels!" And surely the angels know each other. And what reunions! What welcomes! How much my own loved ones will have to tell me and to show me! Their weary and worn-out bodies are in thousands of cemeteries, but they must be serving God none the less. And this "house of clay," in which I have long sojourned, and by the weariness, and weakness, and suffering of which I have learned some useful lessons, I shall vacate and go forth to higher joy and better service, while the Maker shall remake my body and adapt it to the companionships of angels and the work of the heavenly world. "In the likeness of His glorified body!" "Amen! So let it be."

There are moments of heavenly visions. Now and then we are lifted in spirit so near the world of light and life as to catch glimpses of what is awaiting the home-going children of God, and to hear something of heavenly hallelujahs! And — as is fitting — the nearer the journey's end, the more frequent and more prolonged these moments and hours on the mounts of transfiguration.

Rest, perfection of health, most joyous service, trials and tears and all sin escaped, and forever escaped, all the worthies of ancient time my companions, angels my fellow worshipers, all who have loved my Lord, whose going away made this world so lonely, again mine!

But, more than all this, my Saviour, the crucified, risen, glorified Jesus, will be my heaven, my home. He knows me — and I know Him. My heart knows Him; and I am to see Him, and behold His glory, and be with Him. I want to see

Him; and more and more I long for the sight of my Lord and the welcome that He will give me.

It is good to be nearing home. This is the best part of the journey.

*Burlington, Vt.*

### "TO DIE IS GAIN"

PHIL. 1: 21.

REV. GEORGE W. KING, D. D.

The world is full of sorrow,  
The world is full of sighs;  
'Twill be brighter day tomorrow,  
The light fill all the skies.

The world is full of sorrow,  
The world is full of wrong;  
'Twill be better day tomorrow,  
The life be full of song.

The world is full of sorrow,  
The world is full of sin;  
'Twill be better day tomorrow,  
Goodness ushered in.

The world is full of sorrow,  
The world is full of sighs;  
'Twill be brighter day tomorrow,  
The day on which man dies.

*Washington, D. C.*

### UNDERSTANDING OF DEEP MEN

REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT.

IT has been suggested by some one in England that steps should be taken to form there a Society for the Understanding of Dr. Forsyth. Societies for the Understanding of Browning have, we believe, been formed (though not under that express title) both in England and America, in the shape of circles and groups of perplexed readers who have been cudgeling their brains to find out what Browning meant, and why, if he knew so much — as apparently he did — he did not know also how to write the English language? Fortunately in the case of Browning there is a Griggs to tell us all the things that Browning said, or, which amounts to the same thing, that he ought to have said, but left for Griggs to interpret; but where is the Griggs for Dr. Forsyth? A correspondent of the *British Weekly*, speaking of a paper by that brilliant divine on the "Reality of Grace," says: "I have read many of Dr. Forsyth's articles on this subject, and I understand them as little as ever. 'Sordello' is simplicity itself in comparison. What can be meant by the 'cruciality of the Cross'?" The truth is, that Dr. Forsyth, one of the leading clerical thinkers of England, has a great deal in him, but not everything in him is great. This remark applies with truth to many other great men. It seems to be inseparable from a certain type of genius to throw off, alone with much that is sublime or wonderfully subtle, a good deal that has the glitter of iron pyrites, but lacks the value of the genuine gold. When a Vesuvius is in magnificent eruption we expect the worthless lava to fall in great masses. The by-products of genius, that are of comparatively little worth, may be tolerated for the sake of the great illuminations and flashes of insight that are its best contributions to the culture of the race.

Because of a certain opaqueness that seems incidental to the process of mental

or moral illumination, it has always been impossible wholly to understand deep men. The great men do not perfectly understand themselves. Genius is always grasping after more than it can masticate, much less digest. It seems necessary that the poet should now and then stumble into muddy pitfalls while he is trying to hitch his wagon to a star. Let us then be patient with the sinuosities and obscurities of the big fellows in the intellectual world, while thankful that not all thinkers are of the sort that are wholly understandable because they are in an equal degree commonplace, and willing to admit that some Daniel may have a dream that is not all a dream, even though we do not comprehend the interpretation thereof. It is always difficult to explain the deepest mysteries of life, and at the best a man must talk in symbols when he attempts to do that. Language seems elusive when one would speak of age-long truth or ontological subtleties. It has been astutely observed that "the philosopher is, with reference to many questions, in a plight similar to Augustine's when he said with reference to Time, that he knew what it was when nobody asked him, but if anybody asked him he did not know." The difficulty often is, not in the lack of brains of the reader, or in the muddled brains of the expositor, but in the very bigness of the subjects with which both audaciously, being after all but pygmy men, essay to deal. Understand deep men as well as you can, but wherein they fail to be clear, and miss a perfect term for a transcending truth, have patience both with yourselves and with them, "for art is long and time is fleeting," and the finite mind will overtake ultimate mystery just about when the mathematician's symbol chalked on the blackboard catches and cages the Infinity which sweeps beyond all finite reckoning.

*Winchester, Mass.*

### Total Abstinence and Crime

EMIL REICH, who has appeared as a contemner of the German higher scriptural criticism, also appears in the *London Daily Mail* as a champion of the contention that total abstinence from intoxicating liquors is a potent cause of crime in the United States. He has some where discovered statistics which he cleverly manipulates to maintain his view, evidently being unaware of the fact that statistics are looked on more suspiciously in this country than any other foundations of argument. As a matter of fact, the observations of those familiar with the courts is that most of the persons who appear before them are more or less addicted to the use of intoxicants, though undoubtedly the larger share, leaving out the direct cases of drunkenness, could not be classed as drunkards. Such observation is much more trustworthy than any compilation of statistics ever yet framed for the purpose of drawing conclusions, because all available statistics are manifestly inadequate. We do not think the relation between drink and crime is so close and all-pervading as some of the professional temperance advocates are accustomed to declare, but, Mr. Reich to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no connection at all between total abstinence and crime. — *New Bedford Standard.*



## Some Women Misleaders

REV. DANIEL STEELE, D. D.

No. III.

Jemima Wilkinson

THIS misleader, or rather impostor, was born in Cumberland, R. I., in 1751. She was the eighth child of Quaker parents. When she was eight years old her mother died. She was very beautiful, willful, and had many broils with her older sisters, and utterly disregarded the authority of her father. By her disobedience and idleness she lost the respect of the family. She was given to the reading of romances and fondness for fine dresses. But a change for the better came when she heard the preaching of the "New Lights," or "Separaters." She now began the study of the Bible, and continued till she could quote it copiously. When twenty three years old she declined in health and became very weak, but her physician said she had no disease, but was under a strong mental delusion, because she kept talking of the heavenly landscapes which she saw and the angels about her bed. At last she fell into a comatose state, her breathing and pulse being very faint. At midnight on the second day she suddenly awoke as if from a refreshing sleep, demanded her clothes in an imperious tone, arose, knelt by her bed, and prayed. She then stoutly averred that she had died and had gone to heaven and heard God ask: "Who will go down to the world full of sin and sorrow, and finish the work of salvation which my Son began?" She said: "I answered, 'Here am I; send me.'" To this He replied: "Go down and stay ten days, and make your choice between returning to heaven or continuing on the earth a thousand years in a spiritual body indwelt by my Son in order to make His second advent to perfect His kingdom through many difficulties."

At the end of ten days she decided to choose the latter, and insisted that her body was now spiritual, devoid of sex, and prepared apparel of the neuter gender—a priestly robe sweeping the ground, a vest somewhat like a man's, and white linen bands like those of the Episcopal clergy; but her dark glossy curls upon her shoulders still betrayed her womanhood. This hermaphrodite rig she had not time to prepare before the next Sunday before her restoration to health, on which day she attended meeting in the morning, and at its close opened her mission in the open air under a near-by tree. She gave excellent moral precepts, supported by ample Scriptural proofs. All were taken by surprise as if a thunder bolt had fallen from a clear sky. She leaped into fame at a single bound, as Minerva sprang full grown from the brain of Jupiter.

The qualities of her "spiritual body" were attractive. She was tall in stature, beautiful in countenance, with a strong and musical voice. Everybody wished to hear the new messenger from heaven. But she soon found it was a difficult task she had chosen—to personate Jesus Christ. We all make more or less of a botch in trying to represent His moral character, but she must go beyond this and impersonate His divinity in authoritative teaching and undoubted miracles. She never spoke of Jesus Christ as a third Person. She allowed no one to address her as Jemima Wilkinson. She insisted that she had no earthly relatives, and never spoke of her father and mother, brothers and sisters. She must be styled the "Universal Friend and Saviour of sinners." She had the initials U. F. engraved on her silverware

and painted on her coach when she became rich. She promised eternal life to all who believed, and threatened eternal punishment to all who disbelieved her claims.

Her favorite miracle was healing the sick. She had no use of physicians among her converts. She watched the progress of disease, and when the crisis was past and the patient was so far recovered as probably to be able to arise, she assembled spectators to witness a miraculous cure in answer to her command to arise and walk. Here is the testimony of a young man: "The Universal Friend of mankind has wrought thirteen miracles which I have seen with mine eyes—curing the lame, the halt, the blind, raising up and making instantly whole unfortunate persons who had been diseased more than a year and were supposed to be beyond hope of relief in this world. I am therefore convinced of the divine character of this person, and shall look to no other as my Saviour." A subsequent instance of a failure caused him to abandon her as a cunning charlatan. Her method of reading a person's thoughts was to have two or more confederates receive the person and draw him into conversation till he should hint his special trouble or the purpose for which he had come, and then one would slip out and give the cue to the Universal Friend, who would receive the visitor in silent dignity and at length would say, oracularly: "I see that so and so is in your thoughts."

Her miracle of walking on the water of Taunton River in Swansey, Mass., was on this wise: After much solicitation, the Friend appointed the time and place. She first made a long prayer, then a long address on the necessity of faith in her as the condition of her success, saying that the miracle could not be wrought where there was unbelief, and that Peter sunk because the other disciples did not believe. Then she put her foot upon the water, and it did not bear it up, just as it did not in the case of Peter, and for the same reason—the unbelieving crowd. Notwithstanding, she made converts, at first of the poor and illiterate, but finally of some families of wealth and intelligence. Among them was James Parker, who became an ardent adherent and entertained her three years. William Potter was another rich and influential disciple. Churches were built for her followers. She went to Newport, where British soldiers were on ships of war—for the Revolution was going on in the colonies—and preached. The marines made fun of her, but one officer, Major—, pretended to believe her, and suggested that she would find England a fruitful field, that he was of noble birth, had a fine estate, and was in need of a wife, etc. The parting of the two no human eye witnessed. She soon announced her purpose to evangelize England, and her followers raised \$1,000 for outfit and passage. The farewell meeting was appointed, when she read in a newspaper that Major— had been killed in battle. England had now lost its only attraction, and she resolved to stay in America; but how could she explain her sudden change of purpose? I think it is Horace, in his "Ars Poetica," who advises the writer of dramas not to let a god intervene except in extreme necessity. The Friend treated this exigency as such, and reported that an angel from heaven had been sent by God to direct her change of program. Her people thought

she ought to refund the money they had given. Her reply was: "The Lord hath need of it"—an expression she often used when she coveted anything. Only a few weeks elapsed before she secluded herself in a sick chamber seven months, seen by no one but by two trusty female disciples. The nature of her malady was kept a profound secret. But those who were unbelievers recalled the fact that two of her sisters had reversed the relationships of life by becoming mothers before becoming wives. At any rate, the Universal Friend emerged pale and emaciated, with a new doctrine, the sin of matrimony, forbidding any of her saints to wed and any married converts to have any more children. In this decree she unrelentingly persisted, though it greatly lessened her following and brought wretchedness and ruin to many families. In one instance she compelled the parents of a new born child to call it Lamentation, and when another was born to the same parents she commanded the mother to name it Abomination. The indignant mother, the wife of a rich man, showed the "divine" vixen the door, and forsook her forever.

Finding that she could make no more converts in New England, she turned toward the Quaker City with high hopes of reaping a large harvest. But the Quakers, knowing well the character and claims of this renegade from their sect, turned the cold shoulder on her, refusing to open any of their edifices; but the Methodists, not being so well informed about her, were persuaded to open St. George's Church, where for several days she preached to full congregations. But when the curiosity of the people was satisfied and her audiences declined in numbers, and she had little or no success in making converts, she went to Worcester, in the same State, where she succeeded in converting several families of high standing. The owner of several farms gave her the use of one, established her in the stone mansion thereon, and supplied her with servants for both inside and outside. After a few years, desiring to segregate her people far away from the world, she sent a committee into the western wilderness to select a site for her "Canaan and Jerusalem." They chose a tract of land on the west side of Seneca Lake in what was then called the Genesee country. The U. F. then returned to New England to gather her converts and raise money. Her most distinguished adherent, James Parker, and several others agreed to go. Visiting a lady adherent who had access to the treasury of Rhode Island, she was shown the money; she then began her journey to Pennsylvania. In New York she was overtaken by a sheriff from Providence, who accused her of stealing \$2,000 from the State treasury. She stoutly denied the accusation and solemnly affirmed that she had no money in her trunk. The sheriff made her open it, and found \$300. She expressed great surprise, and although she professed omniscience, declared that she did not know how the money got there. He, being unable to take her back to Providence without much delay in communicating with two governors, took the \$300 and let her go, it being afterwards found out that she had forwarded \$1,200 to her agent, which sum was replaced in the treasury of Rhode Island by the friends of the woman who showed the money. This whole matter was hushed up.

Soon after this a wealthy man, one of her adherents in Pennsylvania, died, and she reported that she had conversed with him in the spirit world and found him in great distress because he had not given her a slice of his estate. She said that he had sent a message to his heirs to give her a certain amount. They all agreed to do so but one,

who threatened to have her arrested for fraud. Hence she escaped in the night. Traveling rapidly, she came near being drowned, the wagon and horses being overwhelmed in attempting to ford a swollen stream. She was rescued and brought to consciousness with difficulty. In going to the Genesee country she hired a boatman to row her and her party up the Susquehanna to New Town (now Elmira), and, to cheat him out of \$20, she instructed two young men to go to a justice of the peace and make oath to a falsehood, which they refused to do because they, knowing the bargain, declared it to be a lie, although she insisted that all she said was true because she was the fountain of truth. In her many lawsuits she was accustomed to drill her witnesses to commit perjury. In her colony she had a farm of one thousand acres, and not satisfied with this she became fraudulently possessed of a large tract belonging to Thomas Hathaway, Jr., who sued her and got judgment against her in every court to which she appealed, including the Supreme Court. One of her two lawyers was the well-known Aaron Burr.

Her colony was located in the heart of the Six Nations, in order to conciliate whom a council for forming a treaty of peace was held at Canandaigua, which was attended by the Friend, as she was now called. A chief made a speech looking directly at her, and she said to the interpreter: "What is he saying?" Then he said to the interpreter: "What did that white squaw say to you?" When told, he said: "She is no Jesus Christ, for He knows what Injun says without asking anybody to tell Him."

Having often been told that she had not raised the dead, she resolved, many years after having moved to her colony, to perform this great miracle. She found, in the inner circle of her adherents, three women accomplices—one to feign sickness and play possum in the coffin, and two to attend the sick one and keep all others from seeing her, and prepare her for burial. Part of the plot made it necessary that the body should not be seen for fear of spreading contagion. The Friend was to walk beside the hearse praying aloud, and at a concerted signal the corpse was to groan, when the hearse would be stopped and the coffin opened, and the inmate be found alive in answer to her prayer. But what Burns says about the "plans of mice and men" befell the scheme of this gang of women. On the day when the sick one was to die, the realism of putting on the shroud, of being laid in the casket and borne toward an open grave, so terrified her that, to use a Saxon phrase, she backed out of her bargain, to the great chagrin of the Friend. Yet so resourceful was this arch-impostor that she immediately turned the plot into a conspicuous instance of miraculous healing. Witnesses were called to the sick room which was so soon expected to be the chamber of death, and, after a prayer by the Friend, she took the sick one by the hand and bade her arise and walk. She immediately arose and walked about in her usual strength.

Could her hypocrisy go farther than this? The reader will see from the following account of her attempt to fulfill one of her own prophecies: A Mrs. W. showed signs of falling faith and of a purpose to desert. The Friend, in a public discourse, suddenly exclaimed, turning toward Mrs. W.: "Sarah, Sarah, this night shall thy soul be required of thee!" Shocked, perturbed beyond measure, she went to her room and to her bed, but not to sleep. At 10 o'clock a form masked with a white veil, and holding a lighted candle, slowly approached the bed, but said nothing, find-

ing the occupant apparently asleep on the front side of the bed. At 11 o'clock the same performance was repeated. Just before 12 a tired maidservant came to share Mrs. W.'s bed, who moved to give place to the newcomer, who, being tired, went immediately to sleep. But Mrs. W. could not sleep. Soon she was conscious of a terrible struggle going on between the maidservant and some third person. She screamed, "Murder!" and rapid footsteps were heard of a person leaving the room. Then Mrs. W. asked the maid what was the matter. She replied: "Some one was choking me to death!" Thus the Friend failed to fulfill her prophecy and to put a backsliding disciple out of the way.

It is a good thing that she lived only sixty-eight years of her promised one thousand. Whatever became of her body, no one on earth knows. The inner circle or cabinet, fearing lest the shock would destroy the faith of her disciples, allowed none to see it while for three days it was hidden in her cellar, awaiting resurrection. On the evening of the fourth day it disappeared from the cellar. Her exoteric followers believe that she ascended to heaven, but the rest of the world believe that her body either descended into the depths of the lake or into a grave in the forest,

which was very carefully secreted.

At the end of this third paper of the series I wish to make one or two observations: First, a beautiful, artful, quick-witted woman misleader is a more dangerous impostor than a man having the same qualities, especially to men of the Teutonic race. Tacitus, in his "Germania," says that the Teutons think there is "something divine" in women. For this reason the Teutons were the only pagans of ancient time that treated women decently. We Americans, counting out the recent enormous immigration from southern Europe, are nearly all Teutons. It is not probable that Ann Lee and Jemima Wilkinson would have had any success among the Celts, the Slavs, the Greeks, or the Romans.

Second, both of these women claimed to be Christ at His second coming to dwell on the earth a thousand years. Can that doctrine be true which affords so free a scope to the impostors, both male and female, of modern times to be either Christ himself, as these two women did, or His forerunner, as Dowie and Sandford? The post millennial second advent of Christ to judge the world has no attraction for impostors. Which is true?

## LETTER FROM PORTLAND, ORE.

"MICA WBER."

BISHOP THOBURN recently reached his home in this city, where he is resting (?) while he gets out a new book for the young people's missionary course in reading. He is engaged to deliver a course of lectures in October to the students of your Boston School of Theology, after which he sails for India.

Rev. L. E. Rockwell, D. D., for a number of years presiding elder of Portland District, and Mrs. Rockwell have just returned from Yale, where their son Foster graduated at the recent Commencement. Last fall Bishop McDowell selected Mr. Rockwell for the important charge he now fills at the seat of the Oregon State University. He is not only an able preacher, but a good pastor, inspiring everybody in reach with hope and good cheer.

Coming forward and praying over the collection when the stewards return with it from the congregation to the chancel is in vogue by a few Portland pastors. The reason for this performance is not entirely clear. Is it because the regular prayer in the service by the preacher is not strong enough to cover the collection, or is it a cheap bid for larger contributions? At any rate, the practice does not always favorably impress people of plain sense.

In this city, with mountains, rivers, brooks, deep, cool canyons, groves, lakes, and the ocean beach hard by, to all of which the trolley and boat are, during the summer months, spinning every hour, pastors find it hard to maintain a satisfactory hearing in the regular services of the church. Mixed exercises of song and lay addresses, twilight meetings, on Sunday evenings, conducted by the young people, union services in the parks, moving pictures with half literary programs, are resorted to with varying success.

Is the church in our day to be outwitted after all by the pleasure-seeking multitude? Are the long-used methods of the church in need somewhat of readjustment? Shall we whine and scold, or, like the successful fisherman for trout in the moun-

tain streams, work away intelligently and patiently till speckled beauties are well landed?

Rev. M. C. Wire, D. D., a reader of ZION'S HERALD, and presiding elder of Eugene District, Oregon Conference, is doing exceptionally good work for the church and for the Master, whose servant he is. Pains-taking but not feisty, original in scholarship and method, living in the open with his brethren, he is the sort of a man that has made Methodism great and good. He served, some years ago, a full term as presiding elder of Portland District, showing fine adaptability for that important place. His district is making good progress this year and will report an advance in both spiritual and temporal things. His oldest son, Melville, is pastor of one of the important Portland city churches.

Something out of the ordinary is arranged as a program for the approaching session of the Oregon Conference in this city at Sunnyside Church by Rev. Dr. Ford, the pastor. In place of the overworked "reception," the evening before the opening of the Conference, the members and visitors will be given a generous banquet. Each morning preceding the business session, an address will be given on living topics agreed upon by men selected for the purpose, the presiding Bishop to give the first. General Conference officers are to have the right of way afternoons, leaving the evenings clear for preaching on great doctrinal and soul-saving themes. The ordinations, instead of coming on Sunday as usual, will follow the address of the Bishop to the class for reception into full connection on Friday. Everything is to be cleared Sunday for the sermon by one of the greatest living preachers, Bishop Henry W. Warren. Sunday afternoon there will be an old time Sunday school rally of all the children, closing with a mammoth lay and young people's evangelistic service in the evening.

At intervals for a long period of years on the beach of the Pacific, in a certain locality below Portland, a substance resembling fir pitch has been found, in chunks and blocks varying in size and shape, and weighing



from ten to sixty and seventy pounds. This material has been oftenest (but not always) discovered along the water's edge, where the surf has washed away the sand. One immense piece more than two feet across, and nearly square, was uncovered on the mountain-side 200 feet above the sea-level; another, under the bottom of a big tree evidently many hundred years old. Tons of this strange substance, first and last, have been found in a comparatively small area. The Clatsop Indians, inhabiting this locality when the white man came one hundred years ago, had for generations been picking it up for fuel, but were unable to give any account of its origin. Twice, the last few years, this substance has been analyzed by chemists, the first pronouncing it paraffine, the last one declaring it to be genuine beeswax. The phenomena is most interesting, the secrets of which may never be unraveled.

At this early stage of things on this coast the circuit and circuit-rider, once the glory of Methodism, are pretty much unknown. The old-time ample country church, filled with intelligent and contented families, eager to hear "our preacher," is, with few exceptions, no longer found. This is the result of a great movement to the city from the farm. The smaller farmer has sold, and is selling out, to the bonanza farmer, who runs things by machinery on a vast scale, and joining himself to the number of those who hope to find it more profitable, if not more agreeable, to live by some other form of activity in the city. Some of these succeed, while others find themselves doomed to disappointment, with a loss of personal and family independence. This movement is a feature of the times, and cannot be arrested by reasoning with it, nor by scolding. It has long been in progress in States like Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, where the small farmer has been steadily disappearing, bought out by the larger land holder. Here in the extreme West, from the Canada line to Southern California, there is a general disposition upon the part of our young men and young women to shun agricultural pursuits. Young men are pushing into the trades, street-car service, railroading, insignificant clerkships—anything, so they may live in town. As a rule, a young man will work in a livery barn or put wood and coal in the basement in the city, rather than stay in the country on better pay and better fare. The young women, likewise, flock to the city, where they will not do housework, but enter the shops, factories, stores, telephone offices, typewriting, and restaurants as waiters, rather than remain at home on the farm under very much better conditions; and when they marry—if they do marry—accept in preference some indifferent fellow, if only they can remain in the city. The daughters of the farmer as well as his sons fly the farm at the first opportunity. Multitudes of poor families cannot be driven nor coaxed to the country, where they might enjoy independence and plenty. In the city they prefer to remain, starve, sicken, and sink. For this there must be some underlying cause. Young people of both sexes have an overwhelming desire to see and meet life as it is in the multitude. They feel the justification seemingly within themselves. If all of life is simply to work, they say, and scrape together a few dollars more or less, it would be different, but so long as the object of life is life, isolation is to be avoided. The father who plants his family on a farm away from society may, therefore, reasonably expect that he will be forsaken in his old age, or even in middle life, by

the very children for whom he and their mother made the sacrifice. The children with few exceptions go to the city for the social life impossible on the farm. Scores of once independent men on the farm are trucking about doing odd jobs with a team they brought with them to the city, or working for small wages by the day for somebody else in Portland, because the family would not stay in the country. Possibly the rural telephone, the daily free delivery of mail everywhere among country folk, with the interurban trolley now pushing far out in every direction, may somewhat equalize the social features of city and country life, making the latter more desirable. The problem is a grave one, and the church is concerned in its solution.

### Peace, Pace and Poise

"What's the use of worrying,  
Of hurrying,  
And scurrying,  
Everybody flurrying,  
And breaking up their rest,  
When everything is teaching us,  
Preaching and beseeching us,  
To settle down and end the fuss,  
For quiet days are best!"

THE president of a great organization was heard to say recently: "There is no rest for us; we must keep up a steady pace all summer." If this means a good night's sleep after each day's steady pace and plenty of fresh air and exercise in the open, all right—perhaps.

Another president, and that of a great labor organization (though most of our organizations are that!), says: "Vacations are the coupons on the bonds of industry that mature semi-annually. Cut these coupons regularly, so that they in turn may be vitalized and bear interest."

It is the steady grind that tells, as well as the tremendous spurt with its inevitable reaction. If we obeyed the Divine command, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work; the seventh is the Sabbath of Lord, thy God, in it thou shalt do no manner of work," physical, mental and spiritual necessities would in a measure be met. Who does not take the week's work into Sunday, thinking up broken thoughts and disconnected activities? God only knows!

Not that work kills; it is the overwork, with worry, and the friction incident thereto. Worry destroys the peace; it is fatal to pace, and leaves one stranded, out of poise and self-control. The lawyer who went along the street in a New York town wringing his hands and saying aloud to himself, "Don't fret, Eliza, don't fret!" revealed unconsciously the atmosphere in his home, typical of many.

If worry is "a lung disease, caused by lack of oxygen," we have an antidote in deep draughts of God's open, in sweet sleep, and in a good digestion. "Indigestion is the mother of Indiscretion," and there are a great many of us in the family allied to mother and child. Nerve is dependent upon nourishment, and is powerful, or limp, according to the kind and quantity taken. Nerve is the supreme physical fact, and when that is gone, beware!

Eating should be a more leisurely affair, not only to favor the process of digestion, but to fulfill in the body the mission of food to muscles, nerves and blood. A hearty meal when one is over tired means, usually, indigestion.

"The abuse of sleep," says Dr. Cyrus Edson, "is a prime factor in physical degeneracy, as much so as the abuse of alcohol." One-third of life is spent in sleep, making a general average of eight hours out of the twenty-four. Napoleon, Goethe and Humboldt required less.

Rest before going to bed, before eating,

and before bathing. The warm bath is one of the best aids to sleep. Massage is another. Monotony in counting, or watching in imagination the sheep pass by,—

"A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by  
One by one; the sound of rain and bees  
Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,  
Smooth fields, wide sheets of water and pure sky."

What more delightful occupation on summer nights than to study the moon? Get your best friend, as I did, to give you a field glass, and presto! the face of the world is changed. The vision grows to include a world of beauty and delight of which you have hitherto not dreamed.—LOUISE C. PURINGTON, in *Union Signal*.

### The Greater Loss

From *Indianapolis Star*.

FOR years to come the terrible scenes witnessed, as well as the deeds of heroism performed, at the Iroquois Theatre fire in Chicago will be used "to point a moral or adorn a tale," but no two stories of that memorable catastrophe will prove more effective than the two related last Sunday by Bishop Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal Church, in the course of his sermon.

One of them concerned a young man, who lost his life; the other was of an older man, who lost his self-respect. One was William McLaughlin, son of a Methodist preacher, and a nephew of Rev. Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, of Chicago. A sophomore of Ohio Wesleyan University, he was visiting in Chicago during the holidays, and had just stepped inside the theatre when the fire broke out. With never a thought of himself, the young man sprang into "the imminent, deadly breach," and, standing on a narrow plank between the burning structure and an adjoining building, he directed nineteen women and children, some with their garments aflame, to safety and life. Finally he was dragged from his fiery station, and, after twenty-eight hours of agony from the burns received, he died. "Please do not call me brave," he pleaded, on his death bed. "I did nothing more than I ought to have done. I could not have done otherwise."

Now for the contrast: A well-known citizen of Chicago, wealthy, with a host of friends and in superb physical condition, was in the Iroquois Theatre that fateful afternoon. A friend congratulated him upon his escape without personal injury or loss. "Escape?" he exclaimed. "I did not escape! Everything I had was burned up in that fire—my self respect, my honor, all the things that make a man a man. In the excitement I lost my head. Perhaps I trampled on women and children. I do not know. I have enough for my family; they do not need me. I was the man who ought to have died in that Iroquois fire. You congratulate me that I am alive; you ought rather to pity me in that I am not dead. I had no moral right to come out of that theatre alive. Everything that I had in character—the belief that I had gathered through life a little courage, a little disinterested fidelity, a little capacity for sacrifice, a little devotion to duty—all, all of this, with my whole life, is a heap of scarred ruins!"

There is a pathos in the self-condemnation of this seemingly strong man; there was glory in the death of the younger one, and in his abnegation was the loftiest heroism. And these two cases, between them, re-enforce and emphasize the truth of the poet's words:

"It is not all of life to live,  
Nor all of death to die."

## THE FAMILY DEPARTMENT

### Thoughts for the Thoughtful

Selections from "The Eternal Religion," by J. BRIERLEY, B. A.

#### The Central Mystery

That the soul of every man, however savage or degraded, can attach itself to a higher, and partake of its purifying influence, is that biological fact of the spiritual world which spells redemption. The story, to take one out of a hundred such, of Wesley's apostolic work amongst the mobs of the eighteenth century — amongst the weavers of Yorkshire, the colliers at Kingswood, the miners and fishers of Cornwall — reaching in these half savage men that hidden chord in the human heart which vibrates to the Divine, and thereby effecting wholly marvelous transformations, offers an aspect of our central mystery which should forever abolish pessimism.

#### Ethics of the Intellect

The ethic of the intellect needs to be cultivated above all things at the domestic hearth. Nowhere so much as here should the mind's action be so carefully watched. Nowhere so much as here do we need the right atmosphere of feeling in which the intellect may do its work of thinking. For the people around us will be to us precisely according to that atmosphere and that thought. They will vary as these vary. A French writer says we are never just except to those we love. He is right. There is no justice outside of love. A wife, a husband, a brother, depend for their justice, for their happiness, on the way we set our minds towards them. They cry to us to look for the good in them; most of all for that hidden good, which awaits our loving culture to nurse it into life.

#### Religious Epicures

Today we want the heroic temper. "A great time demands great hearts," wrote the hero-poet, Körner, who gave his life for his German Fatherland. "Shall I write vaudevilles when my country calls me?" And if humanity, in the degenerate days that are now upon us, is to be saved anew to faith and freedom, the deed will be wrought by men and women of this mold. In this fight it will not be by people who count over their sensations, who think of life mainly as "a sum of pleasures," that the victory is won. Not by the "epicures of feeling," but by hero souls "who count not their lives dear unto themselves," shall an emasculated, pleasure-drunk generation be won back to strength and righteousness.

#### Doctrine and Experience

It was when the disciples felt their hearts "burn within them" in contact with the Master, when they realized the gracious uplift of His teaching, the ineffable peace He breathed upon them, that in them religion found its life and its self-propagating power. And it has been so ever since. When Wesley, at the meeting in Aldersgate Street in 1738, "felt his heart strangely warmed," and entered there and then into joy and peace in believing, there were forces at work which neither he nor we are fully competent to explain. But the forces were there, and they were redeeming forces. It is here, in what men age after age have felt of the inner quality of the Gospel, of its mystic heavenly drawing of the soul towards peace and purity, that its abiding power consists. The doctrine may

go. It is at best an explanation. But the experience is a fact, and remains. And it contains a doctrine grander than any we have had yet.

#### Necessity

It is a grand achievement for the soul when, sure of its place in the world's spiritual order, sure of its relation to and reinforcement from the Highest Life, it finds a new necessity in itself, an imperative of honor and nobleness to which all else within that is inferior must submit. It is here that man becomes as God, "who cannot deny Himself." There is nothing, in deed, so godlike on this earth as the soul's imperative. What a height is that of Dante when, invited to return to Florence at the price of dishonor, he exclaims: "What! Are not the sun and stars to be seen in every land? Shall I not be able under every part of heaven to meditate sweet truth, unless I first make myself inglorious, nay, ignominious, to my people and my country?" When Luther, with a whole world against him, exclaims, "I can do no other," he is at one with the great exile; he, too, is exhibiting the soul's necessity of being ever loyal to the highest.

#### The Eternal Revelation

Let any one read the lives of the pioneers of research; let him read the story of a Copernicus, of a Kepler, of a Newton, the men who, as one of them said, "read God's thoughts after Him," and note the religious awe which filled their spirits as the realm of truth opened before them; let him read of Copernicus, when his great discovery burst upon him, regarding it as a new vision of God; of Kepler, praying that "he might find in his own soul the God whom he discovered everywhere without," and he will see that here also is one of the open roads of the Spirit. The present attitude of the scientific leaders is, in this respect, most noteworthy. The materialism of thirty years ago has been outgrown. Men have tunneled through their mountain and are reaching the sunshine on the other side. The utterances of a Kelvin, of a Crookes, of a Lodge, are a testimony that the age of revelation is not over, and that what is now being opened to us is on the same note and toward the same end as the utterance of prophets and apostles.

#### Calvary

What bound the New Testament Christians with everlasting bonds to the Cross was that it was the Master who hung there — the Master whose love reached here its highest expression, its perfect and eternal consummation. That was what they meant when they said that "He bore our sins;" that "He had purchased the church with His own blood." Yes, He had bought all His followers that way. He had bound them forever to Him by such love as never before was dreamed. The Cross became the fountain of redemption because there throbbed the spirit of redemption. In their sorrow, in their loss, in their disgrace, in their weakness, in their hour of death, men lift their eyes to the Cross because there they see, in a light which no lapse of time, no change of circumstance can ever dim, a perfect submission, a perfect self-sacrifice, a perfect love

which reach even to the evil and to the lost.

No religion could be perfect without a perfect death. Christianity gives us that. Rousseau, comparing Socrates with Jesus, says that the death of Socrates was the death of a hero, the death of Jesus was the death of a God. It is significant that Mohammedanism, feeling its lack here, has, among the Shiite section at least, invented a Passion Week of its own; and in Persia makes the Passion plays which dramatize the death of Ali and his sons the great religious festival of the year. The substitute is a fit measure of the distance between the two religions. The Persian Teazieh are a poor business beside Christian commemoration. At Calvary we learn to love and to serve. There also we learn to suffer and to die. Said Michelangelo: "When you come to die remember the Passion of Jesus Christ." The artist's sublime genius had taught him nothing better than that. Calvary is indeed a good place to come to. The Jew of old time trod the slopes which led upward to the city with songs of rejoicing. We climb them with a fuller, tenderer consciousness. The air we breathe here is of heaven. The prospect is divine. "Life," says our modern poet, "struck sharp on death, makes awful lightning." This Life, struck sharp on this Death, makes more than lightning — makes a radiance in which God's innermost secret is revealed.

#### Last Things

Life, we have seen, is full of closings that turn out to be commencements. Nature loves to repeat herself. She stops that she may begin over again. But her repetition is never quite the same thing. She is a musician that, having played over a simple air, returns upon it with incessant new and lovely variations. And so it seems to be not merely a thought that haunts the mind, but a scientific idea grounded in the truth of things, that all we have yet known of life — its rapture of youth, its high endeavor, its delight of friendship, its tenderness of love, its aspiration toward the Highest and the Holiest — is but the first simple strain that in our experience is to be repeated and repeated, with an ever growing complex of majestic harmonies, in that ampler existence to which the life we now lead, "on our dull side of death," is but the prelude.

### WHY LOUISE CHANGED HER MIND

HILDA RICHMOND.

"AND you still think you will not go to college, Miss Louise?" asked Mr. Spencer, shaking hands with his former pupil in the waiting room of Dr. Park's office. "Your mother — is she still?"

"We think she is a little better," said Louise, as Mr. Spencer hesitated. "No, I cannot think of college, for the children look to me for help, and the burden of housekeeping falls to my lot. Not that I regret my decision," she added, quickly. "As I told you two years ago, my first duty is to my home and family."

"It certainly is," said Mr. Spencer, warmly, "and I admire you for choosing the right way. I cannot help wishing, however, that a way might open for you



to go without feeling that you are neglecting your duty. Have you no aunt or relative who could take your place for a few years?"

"Not one. Mamma would just fade away if I were not there constantly to look after her and shield her from the little vexations. Paul's death was such a shock that sometimes I fear she will never recover from it. Here comes the doctor with the medicine for her, and I must go. Bring Mrs. Spencer to see us before your visit here is over. Is this medicine to make her sleep, Dr. Park? She has been having such restless nights lately."

"There is a remarkable young girl," said Mr. Spencer, looking after the strong, graceful figure with admiring eyes. "In all the twenty years of my high school work I never found a girl with such a grasp—such a clear insight into her studies—and to think she is at home washing dishes and patching stockings! Not that I would not have girls do such things, too, but it is a shame she cannot go on with her work a few years in some good college."

"I think it would be the best thing for all concerned if she did go," said the doctor, dryly; "but it is impossible to convince her of that fact."

"Why, Doctor, I think she is a real heroine giving up her ambitions and desires, to wash dishes and look after a troop of little children the way she does."

"Her mother will never rally in the world till some emergency rouses her, and then she will be a well woman. That medicine I have been sending her is nothing but colored water, but she doesn't know it. I think I will hire a bandit to kidnap Louise, and see how that plan will work. If you can persuade Louise to start for college, it will be the best thing for the whole family, for the girl makes a perfect slave of herself to those youngsters, under the mistaken notion that she is doing her duty. Now I am ready to spray your throat."

Late that afternoon Dr. Park was hurriedly summoned to a fashionable boarding-house in the west end of the town to see a little girl who had broken out with the measles. Knowing that the mother of the child was a woman apt to be frightened over nothing, he stopped to see a patient who was seriously ill, so that it was almost dusk before he reached the house.

"O Doctor!" said a familiar voice, almost before the driver had stopped the horse and the doctor had scrambled to the ground. "Do you think there is any danger of my carrying the measles home? I am so worried I don't know what to do. Bridget is new, and there isn't a soul there to direct her or look after the children. I've been waiting and waiting for you, and thought you'd never come. Mrs. Gray asked me in to look at Grace before she told me she had broken out, and I was in the room a long time."

"You here, Louise?" said the doctor, looking at the anxious face before him as he rapidly made plans. "This is unfortunate. Yes, there is danger of carrying the disease, and if it is a real case of measles, you cannot go home."

"But, Doctor, I'll just have to go

home. Mamma would be worried to death with the children and everything."

"Well, if you think it wise to give all those youngsters the measles, run along, child," and the busy man entered the sick room.

"Small-pox!" almost screamed Louise, in spite of the doctor's warning. "When will I get home? O dear! O dear!"

"Louise Nelson," said the doctor, sternly, "you must stop that nonsense. You can't go home till it is perfectly safe, and your family will get along somehow. You are not the kind to be hysterical like the patient's mother, and you must help keep it from her that it is anything but a severe case of measles. A nurse will be here in a few minutes, and you must keep away from the sick room. Fortunately there are few of the boarders home yet, and we have warned them, so that this will probably be the only case. It is a good thing, too, that the house is small and exclusive, for in a big lodging-house it might be much harder to check the disease."

To the busy, active girl the next few days seemed like weeks as they dragged slowly by. The sight of the big policeman walking slowly up and down in front of the house, the grocery wagon depositing provisions inside the gate, and the red flag, made her fairly groan with impatience. There was nothing to do but sit and fret, and Louise did that thoroughly. To her anxious questions the doctor always replied that her family was all right, but the worried girl doubted that statement.

"You will wear yourself out, Miss Nelson," said a fellow prisoner one day, as Louise paced up and down the upper hall. "Sit right down by this window and work out this problem for me. Mr. Spencer told me that you were the banner pupil in the school two years ago, so you surely haven't forgotten all you knew."

Louise gave the speaker a critical examination, and saw he was a boy of about sixteen, with intelligent eyes and good humored expression. He was holding out an algebra, and she reluctantly read over the problem indicated. When she had looked up her books with the determination to put all thoughts of a college education out of her mind forever, she was just as old as this boy, but she instantly remembered that she had been much farther along than the simple equation that puzzled him now. The old joy of knowing crept into her heart, and in less than fifteen minutes the two were deep in the mysteries of  $x$ ,  $y$ ,  $z$ .

"You know more than our teacher did last year," said the boy, in open admiration one day. "Gee! If I was you I'd go to college right away. You just look at a problem and tell the answer, while I've got to dig and dig. Why don't you go?"

"My mother needs me at home—they all do," explained Louise. "Papa often says they couldn't get along if I went to college, so I gave up the notion long ago."

"They are getting along without you now," persisted the boy. "Mr. Spencer said you would have a brilliant career if you went. You know Mr. Spencer is a sort of second cousin of mamma's, and he

was always talking about what a wonderful pupil you were. I'm not glad we had to be quarantined, but since our folks had to go to the city and leave me here, and poor little Grace had to have the small-pox, it's a good thing I met you. I failed last year because I missed so much from sickness, but now I'm going to ask to be examined and go on with my class."

"Yes, they are getting along—but how?" asked Louise, sadly. "Poor mamma will be worse than ever by the time I get home. You know after the sudden death of my little brother she just gave way, and has never been well since. The doctor assures me they are doing first-rate; but how can they?"

For ten long weeks the house was quarantined, and then the tired prisoners were released. Thanks to the eternal vigilance of the authorities, and the excellent care given by the doctor and nurses, the disease did not spread beyond the boarding-house. Clifton was a small city, but the officials realized the danger, and used extreme care in preventing a chance for the dread disease to be carried to other homes. There was great rejoicing when, in a small house on the grounds, the old clothes were left in a heap to be burned, and the boarders emerged in new garments ready to take up life again in the world from which they had been shut out so long.

"I can scarcely wait," said Louise to a lady who had been kept from her children all the dreary time. "My fingers tremble so I can hardly dress."

"So do mine," said the tearful lady. "I'll never, never go out calling again, for fear of being shut in a quarantined house."

"Good-by! Good-by!" screamed a voice outside. "If I pass the examination I'll give a banquet to my worthy instructor. Hurrah! Hurrah!" and the happy boy raced down the walk to return to his anxious parents.

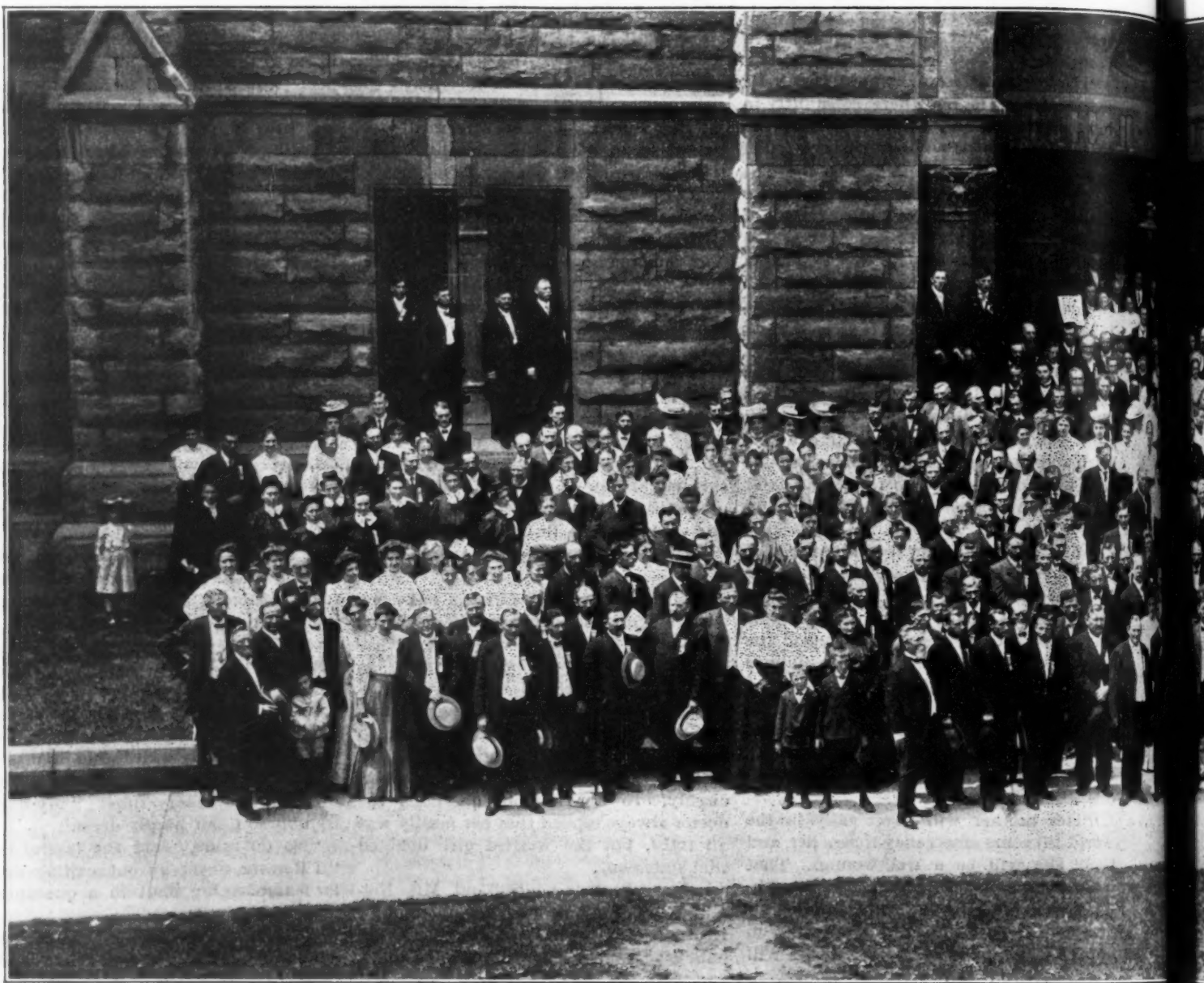
"Welcome home, daughter!" said a dear, familiar voice, and Louise was astonished beyond all measure to feel her mother's arms around her and see the happy faces of the children and her father beyond.

"Your dress?" faltered Louise, looking at the dainty blue gown with its trimming of white lace, and the blue bow in her mother's hair. "Is it that that makes you so—so?"

"No, it is because I have come back to life and my duty," said Mrs. Nelson, firmly. "There is no telling how many years I should have been a burden to you all if you had not been kept away from home. I am afraid you have been cheated out of the best years of your girlhood, dear; but we'll make it up to you now. Dear little Paul is safe and happy, so why should I fret?"

All mention of the dead child had been carefully avoided in the mother's hearing since he had been laid in the churchyard three years before, and to hear this sensible declaration convinced Louise that the cure was complete. She looked around at the tidy children, the well-kept house, the supper table spread with the best china and silver in honor of her homecoming, and then at her smiling mother.

"I like it," she said, simply, "and next month I will start for college."



## A Delegated National Convention

WE are delighted to place before our readers the above beautiful picture. It is an object lesson of rare impressiveness. Every person therein pictured is a "delegate," and represents "one hundred" or more scholars in a Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school. Some of these Sunday-schools are located in the northernmost and some in the southernmost of our States. Together they constitute an army more than half a hundred thousand strong. And all these are simply one of the many fruits of Methodist evangelism among German immigrants begun within the lifetime of persons still effective in the work! Who can fail to say, Glory to God!

This National Convention was held in Chicago, July 12-15, under the presidency of Dr. F. Munz, assistant secretary of our Sunday School Union. To the courtesy of Dr. A. J. Naet, editor of *Der Christliche Apologete* (one of the most enterprising of our church journals), we are indebted for the plate. The list of speakers included professors and preachers whose fame is more than national.

How characteristic and how fitting was the program for the opening evening! It consisted of a production of the Oratorio of "Elijah," the masterpiece of Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Professor Walter Keller

served as director of the choir of 120 men-singers. These were drawn from the thirteen German Methodist Episcopal churches of Chicago! The leading soloist, Fräulein Viola Paulus, already distinguished in musical circles, is the daughter of a German Methodist minister who was first a professor in Germany and later in the United States. Where in the English-speaking portion of our church could be found thirteen contiguous charges capable of rendering such a musical work as this great oratorio, and this to the delight of musical judges?

Did space permit, we would be glad to notice all the themes and speakers of the two following days. Suffice it to say that the former were up to date, and the latter prophetic. The interest deepened from session to session, and the last was the most fully attended of all.

In the course of the years five million Germans have come to make our country their home. According to census estimates, they and their descendants now number twenty millions. These figures correspond quite closely with those of our accessions from England. It is stated that at different periods about five million Englishmen have come over to us, and that these with their descendants now number about twenty millions. Let

us thank God that in our brothers of Teutonic origin we of English descent have within our own church allies so powerful for the right solution of the country's "immigrant question."

### Footlights

The noble background of our picture is the front of Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, corner of LaSalle Avenue and Locust Street.

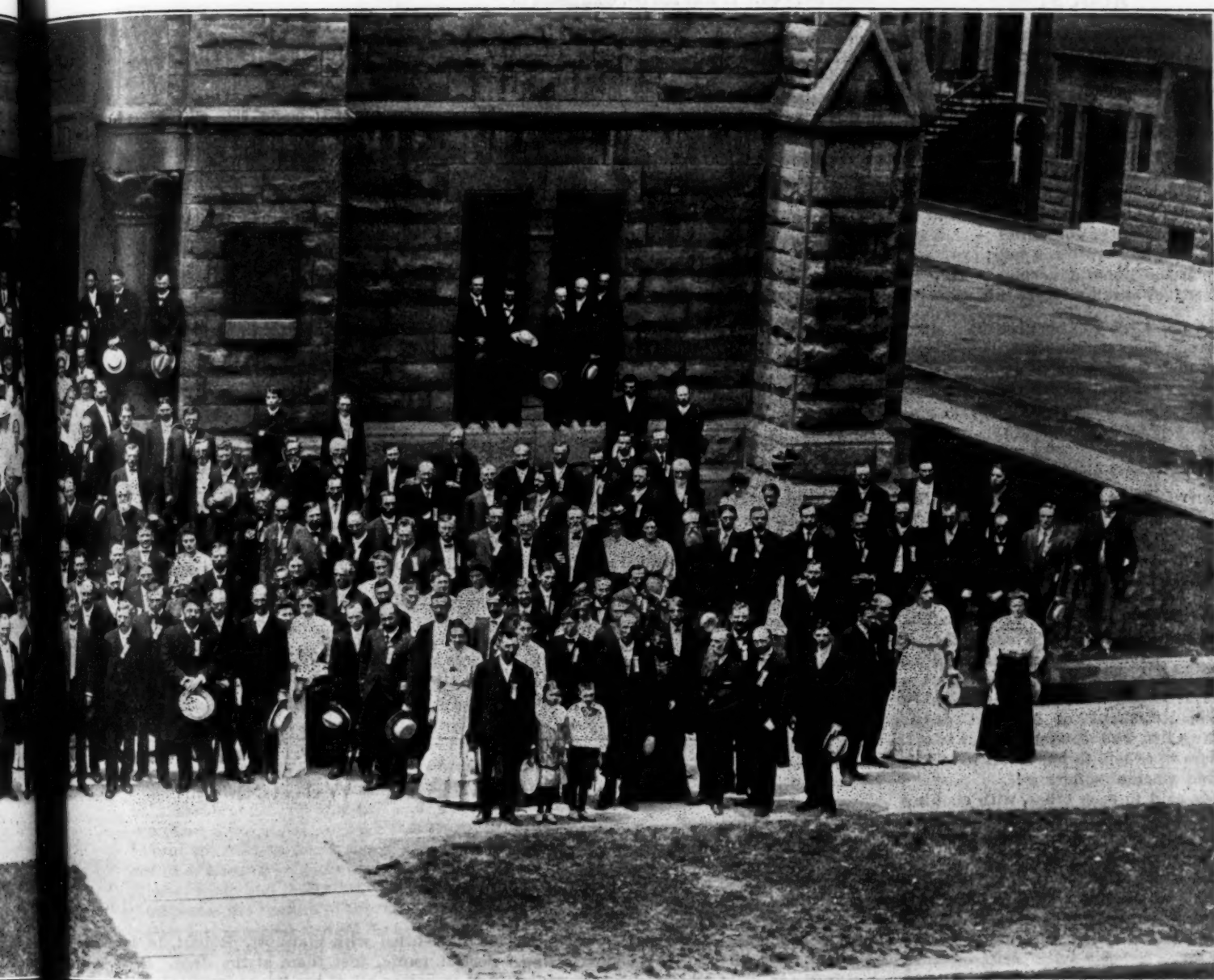
The triple motto of the Convention was:

"The best Book deserves the best Teachers.  
The holiest Work deserves the best Workers.  
The divine Master deserves the best Servants."

While this was the first National Convention of our German-American Sunday-schools, there have been already held ten National Conventions of our German-American Epworth Leagues.

It was the first time that the Oratorio of Elijah had ever been rendered in the German original in Chicago. The director, Professor Walter Keller, the Methodist trainer of the great Methodist choir of





## More Than National Significance

more than 120 Methodist men-singers, is the honored son of one of our honored German-American Methodist preachers.

Sunday was a great day. In the morning in all of our thirteen German-American Sunday-schools of the city addresses were given at the same hour upon the same theme, which was, "Reverence for Things Divine." Then in the afternoon came the *Festrede* of Professor J. L. Nuelsen, on "Jesus, the Teacher of All Teachers." There were thirteen sermons in the thirteen churches on "The Sunday-school for the *Gemeinde*, and the *Gemeinde* for the Sunday-school." The word *Gemeinde* is untranslatable; it means the local church and congregation as a conscious and active spiritual unit.

Our correspondent, who was present at the Convention, sends us the following: "Another interesting fact was that the St. James Protestant Episcopal Church — a noble Christian temple — was generously tendered to us for the closing service, Sunday night. This service consisted of a fervent address by President Addicks, of Central Wesleyan College, on the work of the Sunday-school teacher as a soul-saver, followed by a love-feast full of glowing and happy testimonies, and lasting three-quarters of an hour. It was

impossible to limit it to half an hour. To more than one person in that assembly of 1,000 to 1,200 enthusiastic Sunday-school workers gathered from Boston to Portland and San Francisco, came the wondering thought whether it may not have been given to John and Charles Wesley to look down from their heavenly heights upon this notable gathering of their German sons and daughters in the faith to whom was given so hospitable a welcome in one of the finest Protestant Episcopal cathedrals in that great metropolis of the Central West. I do not believe that its beautiful walls ever echoed more inspiring songs of praise than on this occasion. The volume of music was like the sound of many waters, as one after another of the great songs of salvation were sung in the German tongue. There was withal no undue excitement, but only that fervent joy that is perfectly compatible with and ever productive of the spirit of holy adoration suggested by the sacred emblems on the walls of this beautiful edifice."

### "Men of Other Tongues" at Work for Our Country in Cincinnati

Readers of the foregoing will thank God and take courage as they read the following, just received from a Cincinnati brother of German tongue: "We closed

last night a ten days' meeting in one of the abandoned city pleasure resorts on the Vine St. Hill. A large dance hall accommodating about 800 or 1,000 people is still in fairly good repair, and here we held our evangelistic services. We have been holding these summer evangelistic meetings for the past five years. They bring out the German Methodist hosts of Cincinnati, Covington and Newport. It was an inspiration to see such a large throng of young people. Two young men, sons of a very godly German Methodist mother in Israel who died a few years ago, conducted the singing. Every German Methodist in Cincinnati knows 'Harry' and 'Wesley' Weigele. I wish you could see and hear them lead the singing. They are full of religion, and inspire every one to sing. We mix up a good deal of English with the German in song and testimony. There were several very happy conversions. One young man, working in a beer brewery, gave up his position of \$65 a month, and now works for \$45, where he is free from contact with the awful traffic.

"But as we did not succeed in attracting the outside element as fully as we desire to do, we are planning a new movement. For the field is great and ripe unto the harvest."

## AUGUST

Serene and still, sad August waits  
To shut behind us summer's gates,  
Though yet we faint with sultry heat,  
The very breezes, soft and sweet,  
Bring sounds of harvesting begun;  
A little earlier drops the sun;  
A chilling mist obscures the dawn;  
The first sere leaves are on the lawn;  
Some birds fly southward; in the trees  
The empty nests sway in the breeze;  
Blue acorns and the goldenrod  
Now glorify the browning sod;  
And e'en the moonlight seems to say,  
"Beware! for autumn comes this way!"

Dear August, ere you go, give me  
A share in your serenity;  
That I may watch without a sigh  
My happy summer days go by,  
May steadfast face the harvest days,  
May calmly enter untried ways,  
Serene and still, because I know  
My Father's love has planned it so.

— MARY C. KITTREDGE, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

## MADELINE'S MESSAGE

IT would not have seemed so terrible, Madeline's friends told each other, if only Madeline had not from a child so exulted in the mere joy of emotion. But to think of Madeline — *Madeline* — robbed in one cruel moment of all that eager, abounding life, and condemned for whatever years were left to her to an invalid's couch and constant suffering!

It, they said to each other, with choking voices, if only she had died and never known! But she had to know, and very soon. When, broken-hearted, her mother answered her questions, the girl asked to be left alone a while "to think it out." And the mother, knowing that it must be, closed the door and left her alone — in her wilderness.

The struggle lasted days, while the mother waited and suffered with her. In those days Madeline went over and over it all — her happy past, the merry walk from school that windy afternoon, the sudden blow from a falling branch — and then the strange, dark world of imprisonment and pain. She would see no one those days, not even the old minister who had loved her all her life.

"Tell him I've got to fight it out alone," she said. "He'll understand."

He did understand — they all did. And at last one morning Madeline drew her mother's face down to hers.

"It's all right, dear," she said. "Tell the girls I want them to come — everybody. Tell them they needn't think they can leave me out — I won't be left."

Everybody came eagerly, for Madeline's sake first; and very soon they were coming for their own. Madeline's room to all the "old crowd," and to others, who one by one found their way in, became the place where every one turned instinctively with joy or hope or sorrow. And, true to her word, Madeline did not let herself be "left out." She learned every kind of light and pretty work that weak hands could do; she kept up with all the new books, the latest interests, even the fashions. More than one pretty party gown was planned in Madeline's room.

"You may go to parties," she would laugh, "but parties come to me all the time."

In those twelve years that Madeline waited in her prison, she seldom, as the girls said, "talked religion," but soon after she knew what life was to be to her she had a motto illuminated and hung at the

foot of her bed. It was the old command to a people entering a strange land — "Be strong and of a good courage, for the Lord thy God is with thee."

Madeline's eyes so often rested upon this as she talked that her friends began to notice it. And then they remembered that from the day Madeline's doors had opened to them no one had ever heard her complain.

But it was not until Madeline had gone that they understood what she had done for them. Rose Kenton began it by telling of the time when she was discouraged over her failure as a nurse.

"Madeline didn't pity me," she said. "She only said, 'Dear, there's always something left. One can always be brave, and — one doesn't have to be brave alone.' And when I thought of her and of her motto, I tell you, girls, I had to brace up. I'd have been ashamed to speak to her again if I hadn't."

Other experiences followed. One knew how George Alvord had gone to Madeline when Edith Marlow broke her engagement with him; another knew of one who had gone in the deep failure of sin; and many there were who had sought her in the loneliness death had made. To all her message had been the same: One can always be brave — and one doesn't have to be brave alone.

So, having fought her fight and strengthened uncounted hearts, Madeline had passed into the light. — *Youth's Companion*.

## Bits of Fun

— It's dreadfully hot, isn't it, mammy?" said Mr. McWade. "Deed it is, chile," said the old woman, "'deed it is. 'Taint right for it to be hot this a-way. I tell you, forty years ago when the Blessed Lawd made the weather, we didn't have these stewing days, honey — no, 'deed, we didn't; but now these biggerty men up at this here weather office has the making of the weather, they does send us anything they pleases, and they ain't skillful, chile, they ain't skillful."

— "Don't you like the 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' Mr. Tinkham?" asked a lady at a rural dinner party. "Well, really," he replied, "I can't keep track of them foods. Maria," he called to his wife, "have we ever tried the water cracker of the breakfast table?"

— The proprietor of a large drug store recently received this curt and haughty note written in an angular, feminine hand: "I do not want vasoline, but glisserine. Is that plain enough? I persoom you can spell." — *Ladies' Home Journal*.

— One of the most proper newspapers in the country gave the other day a report of a Sunday school celebration where pieces were recited, among them being one the reporter gave as "Sam Dolphin," by Longfellow. — *Critic*.

## The Girl That Wasn't Wanted

KATE UPSON CLARK.

## CHAPTER VIII

## An Exciting Fire

THE boys never knew how they got down the hill, but the barn was standing, apparently as solid and safe as ever, when they caught sight of it. They felt as though Marianna must be mistaken, but as they drew nearer they could see Adrian racing excitedly back and forth between the eastern and the barn with pails of water. These he was mostly spilling on the way, as well as they could judge. Then they saw a thin blue film of smoke issuing from the door which opened on the farmyard, and the awful smell of fire began to fill the air.

"The cows are in the pasture," Marianna was saying, "and Put and the best carriage are away. That's lucky."

Her teeth were chattering and her voice was strained and unnatural, but her head was evidently clear.

"The farm wagons must be brought out from under the shed, though," she continued, "and Old Hundred must be led out and tied somewhere. Hurry, boys! Get off your coats!" — she was pinning up her gown, as she spoke. "And then, Robert, you had better see if you and Adrian can get water fast enough to put out the fire. One of our barns burned down in California. It was near the house, too, just like this one. I will go in and get some blankets ready in order to protect the house."

By this time they were in the thick of the fight. There was an unconscious power about Marianna which made the frightened boys follow out her directions without a single protest. They saw that her ideas were good, and that she knew what she was about. Shudder after shudder passed over her slight frame, but she remained perfectly firm and resolute.

As she came rushing downstairs with Idaline close behind her, the arms of both

of them filled with blankets, Robert, in a perfect panic, met them at the door. He had forgotten all of his brave words about shedding tears, and he was crying worse than ever Max did.

"It's no use!" he wailed, in a voice shaking with excitement and fear. "The fire's got into the old hay. It's spreading like all possessed."

"Very well," said Marianna, as though this were the most cheerful news in the world. "It's just as I expected. The barn has got to go. But don't worry. We'll save the house. Tell Adrian and Kirk to get all they can out of the barn; but they must take care and not burn themselves! Then we'll fix this ell part here, or else it'll blaze up like oil."

Robert rushed back to the barn. In a trice he had returned, and Marianna and Idaline had another pile of blankets and comfortables ready for him. Just then a burst of flame shot out from the side of the barn nearest to them, followed by a shower of sparks. It was less than ten rods away, and Marianna gave a startled little scream.

"Here! Quick!" she gasped — and before he knew what he was doing, Robert, well pinned up in a heavy wet blanket, in which Marianna had cut peep holes and a breathing place, had climbed the ladder which Idaline had brought, and was sitting astride the ridge pole of the ell-part, throwing pails of water to right and left on the roof, as fast as they could hand them.

In the midst of this absorbing business, poor Idaline, who was fairly writhing with fright, tried to faint; but Marianna threw a pailful of water straight into her face, and told her, with a majesty which scared Idaline worse than her words, that she



would surely box both her ears hard if she didn't fetch some more water that instant.

Even Idaline herself laughed when this fact was related the next day, for she sprang up at once upon hearing Marianna's threat and never attempted to faint again.

It was not until Marianna was starting up the ladder with her third pail of water that Mr. Wellman and Max came racing from the "Parker lot." It was every bit of a mile away, but they had run as fast as their legs would carry them and were dripping with perspiration.

"If it had only been an hour later," groaned Mr. Wellman, "then I could have ridden down on Houston's hay wagon, which was promised for 3 o'clock."

There was no time now for talking or explanations.

"More water! More water!" Robert was yelling from his perch on the ridge-pole.

"Good!" cried Mr. Wellman. "I wonder who thought of that? I believe it's going to save the house. Here, Max, hunt up every bucket in the house! The men will be coming from all around by five minutes more. I hope each man will bring his bucket! But they can't save my stout old barn!"

The good farmer's face twitched and his voice trembled as he gazed upon the black clouds of smoke rising from the doomed building and the bright tongues of flame which were shooting out against them here and there. The fire had not been burning twenty minutes since the first spark had kindled. Marianna and her little battalion had worked fast.

As Max had screamed "Fire!" whenever he had passed near a house during his wild dash for Mr. Wellman, and as the Wellman place stood so high that it could be seen for miles around, there was soon a crowd of a score or more assembled there. Most of them had really brought pails with them, after the custom of the country.

Max had scurried around for buckets and had found two before the first breathless neighbor came running. Presently there were men enough to relieve Marianna and Idaline and him from any other hard service. The girls proceeded to remove the most valuable articles in the house to a safe place, and by the time Mrs. Wellman arrived, driven homeward behind a foaming horse, most of the family clothing, linen and silver were reposing in a heap "out yonder in de cornfield," as Kirk informed everybody when telling of it later.

As soon as Max saw that he was no longer needed to help in putting out the fire, he began to realize that he, too, had heavy interests at stake.

"Where's my kitty?" he bawled, beginning to cry at the top of his voice.

At that instant the flames burst through the barn roof with a crash of falling beams which scared him almost to death and made him feel as though the universe were melting. He screamed lustily, but nobody paid the slightest attention to him. Then he burrowed about until he had found his kitty all by himself. Knowing that the site of the great elm would afford a fine view of the fire, he settled himself there, with Charcoal in his arms, and with tears coursing down his cheeks, soliloquized sadly concerning his beloved hens.

"My biddies are all burned up!" he sobbed. "My Five-Toe Hen was setting in a barrel in the b-a-rn! Somebody get her out! Why doesn't somebody get her out?"

But the fire was now at its height, and was truly a grand spectacle. Even the sad thought that his hens had perished could not prevent Max from enjoying the dazzling flashes of flame and the thunderous fall of the timbers.

By the time Mr. Wellman had reached the spot it was unsafe to enter the barn, so that all there was to do was to keep the house well drenched. Robert worked nobly until his arms were nearly twisted off. Luckily by that time there were men enough to relieve him. Mrs. Wellman had at first thought that all the carpets should be torn up and the furniture set out. But it soon became clear that unless the wind should rise, the house would not go, so that she somewhat nervously ceased her work of removal.

The barn was a large one and strongly built, and the absence of wind caused it to burn rather slowly. A full hour passed before it was entirely consumed.

The two cisterns were soon entirely emptied. A line of men was therefore formed from the brook to the house, and overflowing buckets of brook water came rapidly to the hands of the men on the roof. One part of it blazed up when the fire was hottest, but the flames were soon subdued.

At last, only a hissing mass of embers remained of the great barn, with its dozen or more of outbuildings—wagon sheds, pig pens, corn houses, and so on. One by one the tired men threw themselves down under the great butternut tree and talked the matter over.

"I had been worrying because I hadn't got in so much hay yet as the rest of you had," laughed Mr. Wellman. "I'm mighty glad now that I hadn't. And Old Hundred is saved!" he cried, as he pursued his investigations. "Tied up tight behind the gillyflower apple tree here, with not a hair of his old hide hurt! Not that he's a valuable animal, but he is of use sometimes. And here are the carts and the harnesses! And you got them out, Kirk? And here's the corn-sheller! How did you ever manage to move it? Well, you did first-rate, I must say!"

Poor little Kirk, who had indeed worked "like a Trojan," and had burned his very eyebrows off to save that corn sheller, felt quite repaid when he heard these approving words, especially when all the neighbors joined in singing his praises.

The truth was that Adrian, who, under the most favorable circumstances, was what is properly called "fat-witted," had been utterly panic stricken when the fire broke out, and, if he had not had Kirk to direct him and set him an example, would have been of no help at all. Kirk's talents were of a kind to shine brightest in such an emergency, and, as Mr. Wellman justly said, there probably were not a dozen men in town who could have managed so well.

It was learned that the fire had originated from the match with which Adrian had lighted his pipe. He had carelessly thrown it among loose hay and refuse.

Mrs. Wellman, who had a wonderfully level head and a generous heart, had discovered that Idaline had put a pan of gingerbread into the oven to bake just before Marianna had called her to help about the fire. By the time that Mrs. Wellman had found it, it had reached just the right degree of brownness. As the oven was in excellent condition, Mrs. Wellman, with the help of her visitors, mixed and set to bake two more large pantuls. While these were cooking, she seized the opportunity of the empty cistern to scrub it out thoroughly.

There was an abundance of raspberry shrub in the house, and presently Marianna and the boys were made happy by being permitted to pass gingerbread and shrub among the crowd of neighbors under the butternut tree.

"I declare, I hadn't thought of my tool chest!" sighed Mr. Wellman, as they were partaking of these dainties. "I had man-

aged to get a pretty good lot of tools together. I'm afraid I'll never have so many again."

"I wouldn't worry about them until you have looked in the bushes back of the barn, Mr. Wellman," said Kirk, reassuringly. "I wouldn't wonder if you should find all of the tools there and some of the chest. I pushed it out of the south door as hard as I could and almost fell out with it. You know it is good and high up there—or was—and that chest went kit'g over the tops of the bushes, and rolled quite a way down the hill. I flung out a lot of the tools first and I don't believe they are hurt. Those bushes are pretty green. They are only scorched. They didn't burn much."

"You don't say that you pushed that chest across the floor?" cried Mr. Wellman, incredulously. "Why, boy, you couldn't stir it!"

"I probably couldn't in cold blood," admitted Kirk, modestly, "but I was about twice as strong as usual an hour or so ago. I just gave it an awful shove—and then it went where it was a mind to!"

"Well, well!" laughed Mr. Wellman. "These boys have lived with us so many summers," he remarked to the others, "that Mrs. Wellman and I feel as if they belonged almost as much to us as to their own parents—and I begin to think we have brought them up first rate. Now there was that little cherub who sat up aloft," turning to Robert, who seemed likely to choke himself with gingerbread at just this moment, "he didn't seem to mind it even if the sparks did fall in showers all around him. I wouldn't wonder if he had a blister or two on those useful hands of his."

"Ten of them," admitted Robert, displaying them proudly.

All of the company gazed on the blisters with admiration.

"Those blisters saved the house, I guess," said Mr. Wellman, with feeling.

"But back of them, and back of all these tired muscles, there had to be a brain," said Robert, gallantly, and most unexpectedly. "And the brain that set all this machinery in motion so promptly that things were done in the nick of time, is right over there."

He pointed to Marianna, who was laughing and talking nervously with several other girls on the opposite side of the croquet ground. She was not so far away that she could not hear his words, and she flushed with pleasure.

"Yes," repeated Robert with emphasis, "it was she who set us all to work, and thought of the wet blankets, and planned the whole campaign—like—like, well, Boadicea, or Joan of Arc, or some of those other famous military ladies."

Robert wasn't quite so well up in history as in beetles.

One of the young men in the company, who had been very much impressed with what they had all been saying about the tall, pleasant California girl, jumped up at this and exclaimed: "I give you the health of the girl who saved Mr. Wellman's house! Long may she live and prosper!"

Everybody drained a glass in the blushing Marianna's honor. Mr. Wellman was especially enthusiastic and jovial as he took up the toast.

"You don't act much like a man who has lost one of the best barns in town. I admire your spirit," said one.

"Well," said Mr. Wellman, "when a thing's gone, it's gone. I had a little insurance, and before snow flies maybe I'll have another partly done at least."

"Go ahead and we'll help you!" shouted a dozen voices.

Continued next week

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

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## Lesson IX --- August 26

## THE RICH YOUNG RULER

MARK 10: 17-31.

TIME. — The spring of A. D. 30; probably March.

PLACE. — Probably Perea, "beyond Jordan;" our Lord was on His last journey to Jerusalem.

HOME READINGS. — Monday (August 20) — Mark 10: 17-31. Tuesday — Luke 9: 18-27. Wednesday — Luke 12: 18-21. Thursday — Luke 12: 22-34. Friday — Matt. 6: 19-24. Saturday — 1 Tim. 6: 6-12. Sunday — 1 John 5: 9-13.

GOLDEN TEXT. — "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me." — Matt. 16: 24.

It is of first importance that we should understand what it is to deny ourselves. It is not to abstain from things essentially evil. Refraining from things forbidden by the Ten Commandments is not self-denial. Such things are under all conditions forbidden and are in themselves evil. Of course, self-denial does not consist in refraining from things which we do not desire. Self-denial consists, on the contrary, in giving up and putting away things in themselves good and desirable, but which for us stand in the way of higher moral ends. A soldier in volunteering in the service of his country gives up for the time, perhaps forever, his home and the ordinary comforts and pleasures of life. They must be given up in order that he may serve his country. A young man who aspires to honor and influence in later years must deny himself many social pleasures and the ease of many days in order that by study and hard labor he may train himself for the higher ranges of life. The fishermen of Galilee abandoned their nets and their boats that they might become the disciples of Jesus. And all through every department of life comes the demand for the giving up of something good and desirable, but which stands in the way of something of moral importance. Jesus indicated that we might find it necessary to cut off the right hand or pluck out the right eye. It amounts to this, that a life of self-denial is one in which spiritual ends are habitually given precedence, and whenever a choice must be made between a lower good and a higher good the choice always goes to the higher.

## The Meaning Made Plain

I. *The Inheritance of Eternal Life* (Verses 17-22). — 17. And when he was gone forth into the way ["And as he was going forth into the way"]. — Verse 10 of this chapter records our Lord's entrance into a house; now He steps forth again to the road. There came one running ["there ran one to him"] and knelt to him and asked him—the use of the numeral "one" indicates that the man came by himself. Luke calls him "a certain ruler." By running he showed the intensity of his desire for spiritual direction; perhaps he feared that Jesus might depart from the neighborhood before he could meet Him. By kneeling he showed his reverence for Jesus (Whedon). Good Master ["Good Teacher"] was an address of high compliment. What shall I do that

I may inherit eternal life? — Matthew (19: 16) makes him say, "What good thing," but that does not alter the essential meaning of the question, which is: What is goodness? "It was a natural question for a thoughtful man in those days, when the teaching and practice of the religious guides made it the hardest thing possible to know what the good really was." He seems already to have known something of our Lord's teaching; for "he asks not for the kingdom of heaven, which might mean an earthly kingdom, but for eternal life, which certainly includes the idea of life beyond the grave" (Abbott).

18. Jesus said . . . Why callest thou me good? . . . none good but one . . . God. — "This means not, Your epithet is not applicable to me, but to God only, but rather, Do not make ascriptions of goodness a matter of mere courtesy or politeness. Jesus was unwilling even to be called Christ indiscriminately; He wished no man to give Him any title of honor without the fullest understanding of all it implied. There were competing types of goodness to choose from—that of the Pharisees, and that exhibited in our Lord's teaching; and it was important that this inquirer should think carefully on who and what is good" (Bruce).

19. Thou knowest the commandments — "those of the first table, or the duties of man to God, are omitted, probably because they would not furnish so decisive a test for self-examination, since a man may imagine that he loves and fears God, but he cannot imagine that he loves his neighbor if he robs or murders him or bears false witness against him" (Alexander). Do not commit adultery, Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Defraud not ["do not defraud"], Honor thy father and mother. — "Defraud not" is equivalent to the Tenth Commandment; for fraud is the consequence of unrestrained coveting (Ford); it has another equivalent in the law of Deut. 24: 14, 15, which even professed Christians sometimes have forgotten. "In thus sending the inquirer to the second table of the Decalogue as the sum of duty, Jesus proclaims the supremacy of the ethical."

20. He answered . . . Master ["Teacher"], all these [insert "things"] have I observed from my youth. — "The young man had kept the commandments until they had grown commonplace. At the same time a sense of the insufficiency of his own righteousness destroys his ease" (Whedon). There is no self-sufficiency here, but a sad confession that though his life has been ethically faultless he still lacks peace with God. Matthew preserves another question: "What lack I yet?" Since I have kept the commandments, why have I not attained rest of soul?

21. Then Jesus beholding him ["and Jesus looking upon him"] loved him. — "Loved" has been translated "lovingly regarded" and even "caressed" "Here was no morally commonplace man, but one with affinities for the heroic." No wonder Jesus "loved him;" whosoever has spiritual yearnings hard to be appeased may be assured of his Lord's affectionate help. One thing thou lackest; go thy way [omit "thy way"]—literally, "one thing behindhand to thee;" that is, You have one deficiency. "This one thing was a heart free from the overmastering love of the creature." In almost every case of spiritual "lack" this is the cause of the deficiency. Not always is worldly wealth the heart's idol, though in this money-loving age there are many exact prototypes of this young man. But all ways the peace that passeth understand-

ing, the sure inheritance of eternal life, is the direct result of the soul's supreme love of God, which harmonizes with all loves that are good and relegates them to their proper provinces, while it expels all loves that are bad. Sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor. — Certainly this is not to be taken as a general command to the rich to distribute their wealth among the poor, as the purchase price of eternal life. No such "unsettling of the foundations of the social system" fits into the other teachings of our Lord. Neither is it to be regarded as a demand for a unique sacrifice on the part of this young man, as if his circumstances and experiences were unique. It is a personal application of a universal requirement. It is a demand of such a complete consecration of *all* to God that we shall no longer think of any property as our own, but as God's; so that "when the duty is made known to give some, or much, or all, to God, it will be merely an appropriation of what is already God's, made by God's direction, by God's steward." Thou shalt have treasure in heaven. — "Sell and distribute what thou hast, expecting no compensation in the present life" (Alexander). Give your all to God, and all that is God's is yours; but sell and distribute with no thought of return in the present life. Omit "take up the cross." Come . . . follow me. — Recall how our Lord's apostles had "left all" (Matt. 4: 22; 9: 9; 19: 27); Peter and Andrew, John, James, and Matthew had for His sake abandoned property and business. Other men were required to "abide in that calling wherein they were called" (1 Cor.

## Physician Says

## Children Thrive on Grape-Nuts and Cream

A Mass. physician has found a cure for constipation in children — citing fifteen cases — by feeding them Grape-Nuts.

"Some time ago," he writes, "I became interested in your food, Grape-Nuts, as a cure for constipation in children. Having tried it in my own family, I have advised it in fifteen cases in which all suffered with constipation more or less severe. The result has been absolute relief in all."

"I write this that other children may be benefited."

How much better it is thus to bring about a healthy action in the bowels of growing children by natural means, than to feed them with improper food, requiring some kind of cathartic at intervals to overcome constipation.

Grape-Nuts gives energy to the entire nervous system, including the nerves that cause the natural contraction and relaxation of the bowel muscles that propel the food mass along.

It is predigested also, and the blood easily absorbs the food as it goes through the body, storing up vitality and force for the functions of all the organs.

Children especially should get the right start as to habits of living. They should grow into bright, strong, cheerful men and women. Grape-Nuts solves the question of the start; a wholesome appetite will do the rest.

Children's teeth are benefited by chewing Grape-Nuts, also. Your dentist will tell you that a certain amount of exercise in chewing firm food is necessary to grow strong, beautiful teeth.

Teeth need exercise just the same as muscles, if they are to grow strong and firm as nature intended. Grape-Nuts gives the exercise, and also gives material from which good teeth are made.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.



7: 17, 20, 24), while holding their property and using their industry for the Master. This man, like the apostles, is called to "follow" Jesus.

22. He was sad.—"His countenance fell." The conditions on which our Lord would promise eternal life brought gloom to his soul. Grieved—"sorrowful." He had ["he was one that had"] great possessions.—"Thus was he shown to lack the one all comprehensive requirement—the absolute subjection of the heart to God."

II. *Worldly Wealth* (Verses 23-27).—23-25. Jesus looked round about.—This gesture is noted elsewhere in this gospel. How hardly—with what difficulty! Shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God.—No wonder the disciples were astonished. Financial influence seemed as desirable to the church in its earliest as in its later days. Jesus answereth again... how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God.—By this second exclamation, preserved by Mark alone, Jesus informs His disciples that not the mere possessions of the good things of this life, but confidence in them as sources or securities of happiness, hinders men's salvation. He plainly implies, however, that this false reliance is almost inseparable from the possession of wealth; and that wealth, therefore, is invariably attended by the greatest moral and spiritual danger (Alexander). Not only are there few rich that do not trust in their riches; there are few poor that do not trust in the riches they are not able to acquire (Whedon). It is easier for a camel, etc.—In the Talmud the same saying occurs about an elephant, but the camel was more familiar to the hearers of the Saviour than the elephant. The Arabs today say that hypocrites enter paradise as easily as a camel goes through a needle eye (Farrar). The similitude here used implies an absolute impossibility; yet, according to every rule of interpreting Oriental proverbs, it is intended to express an almost insuperable difficulty; and our Lord presently so explains it.

26. Astonished out of measure—"astonished exceedingly." Saying among themselves—"saying unto him." Who then ["then who"] can be saved?—They had been taught to regard worldly prosperity as a mark of the favor of God; and probably still cherished the hope of an earthly kingdom of the Messiah, in which riches would play a great part.

27. Omit "and." The looking of our Lord upon them is indicative of the deep feeling He put into the words that follow. With men it is impossible, but not with God.—Matthew, Mark, and Luke all differ in the form of this statement, but not in its essential meaning. Jesus sees that what He has said has been misunderstood, and hastens to qualify it. He has been talking of the universal tendency of wealth, not of any moral necessity. "It is no easy thing, anyhow, to enter into the kingdom of God; for a rich man it is next to impossible; in fact, it is impossible with men, and only possible with God."

III. *Worldly Poverty and Eternal Riches* (Verses 28-31).—28. Omit "then." Peter began to say unto him.—Some thing in Peter's spirit seems to betray a spirit like that of the rich young man. Lo, we have left all, and have followed thee.—The "all" which the apostles had left was not in every case contemptible (Al-

ford). The sons of Zebedee had hired servants (Mark 1: 20), and Levi could make a great feast in his house. But whatever it was, it was their all.

29. Omit "answered and." There is no man that hath left house, or brethren.—The things left are described with the disjunctive participle; those received with the copulative: "Houses and brethren." See the richness of the reward, the goodness of God! (Bengel.) Omit "or wife." And the gospel's—"and for the gospel's sake."

30. Shall receive an ["a"] hundred fold.—"It was, for example, a hundred fold more desirable to have an apostolic throne like Peter than to have a fortune like the rich young man, whose case prompted Peter's question." (Compare Matt. 5: 5) Now in this time.—Not merely in the present life, but especially at the present critical juncture, when the trials of His followers were greatest and themselves least able to endure them. Even in this world they should be abundantly compensated. With persecution—and in spite of persecution. "The persecution does not diminish the value of the moral compensation, but rather enhances it, as a relish." In the world to come eternal life—compared with which all earthly blessings are of no account.

31. "This aphorism admits of many applications." It contains both warning and encouragement. There shall be many reversals of position in both ways.

#### Nails for the Teacher's Hammer

1. There are two, and only two, ways by which eternal life may be gained. The first is by perfect obedience. "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments" (Matt. 19: 17). The young ruler thought he had done that, but he was mistaken. If he had done so, there would not have been in his heart a sense of incompleteness. But salvation by obedience must begin at the beginning if it is effective. A sinner cannot be saved by obedience, for a sinner, until saved from his sins, cannot live perfectly; and if he could, that would not deliver him from sin already committed. So to be saved by obedience one must never have disobeyed; which amounts to saying that one is saved by never having been lost. But clearly that does not apply to people who have sinned.

2. The second way of salvation is through Christ. And this, after all, is the only real salvation for humanity, for all men have sinned. Eternal life, which the young ruler desired, is the gift of Christ. It is obtained by coming into vital relations with Him. The parable of the Vine and the Branches shows how intimate that relation must be. Eternal life was not to be had by the doing of any "good thing," which was the young man's misconception, but by an inward transformation and regeneration.

3. The reply of Jesus to the young man illustrates Christ's method of thoroughness. Matthew tells us that Jesus said, "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell," etc. The emphasis must be put upon "perfect." That was the keynote of Jesus' teachings. He came not to improve the moral health of men, but to make them whole. His aim for men was not reformation, but regeneration; not better men, but new men. So, in effect, he said to the young man: "If you have come to Me to learn how to live a little better life, or even a very much better life, I have nothing to say. But if you want to know how to be perfect, I can tell you." He never encouraged people to aim at anything less than that. "Be ye perfect, as your Father in heaven is perfect." He did not occupy Himself with telling men how to quit a few bad habits, how to turn over a few new leaves. This distinguishes Jesus from all mere moralists however eminent. He was more than a moralist; He was the giver of new life.

4. Jesus made for the young ruler a turning point from which his life from that hour must have led upward or downward. The demand seems to have been too great for him, for he went away grieved. That may not have been final, but only the beginning of a struggle that ended in victory. Jesus' word to Nicodemus, who was likewise a rich ruler, bewildered and discouraged him also; but he seems to have come, though slowly, and we know not by how much crucifixion of spirit, to the new birth. But, in any case, God opens a man's eyes to his highest duty; however great the sacrifice it may require, he can no longer live upon the former level; he must go on and up to the realization of God's ideal for him, or he must go downward. A vision of the ideal and God's call to the best will either make or unmake him to whom they are given.

5. Riches are dangerous because they represent all the means of selfish indulgence. They give a man an artificial and false sense of his importance, and so minister to his pride. Wealth is a constant temptation to an immoderate indulgence in sensuous and even sensual pleasures which war against the soul. It puts in the hands of its owner a power which he is in great danger of using arbitrarily and unjustly. It is likely either to produce enervation and selfishness that is content to enjoy what has been produced, or a greed and avarice that are insatiable.

6. On the other hand wealth rightly used may minister great spiritual good to its owner. To really own wealth—instead of being owned by it—is a great moral achievement. To conquer the disposition to selfish gratification which wealth affords is a deep and thorough discipline of the soul. To recognize and respect the responsibility and obligations which attach to wealth is a great moral steadying and uplift. Great sacrifices of all kinds result at last in this world and in the world to come in great rewards.

Every Christian life is meant to be a magnetic influence drawing men to Jesus Christ. There should be in every Christian a certain subtle quality, or indefinable charm, which causes others to say, "We would be Christians too!" The success of the gospel in the first century, when it had to contend against the odds of shame and persecution, was largely due to the royal character of the early converts to "the Way" of Jesus the Nazarene, who conquered respect for their faith because of their superb manhood and exemplary life. Christians make Christians—that is a rule which has no exceptions, when the Christians are of the right sort, and up to par. The attraction of a wholly consecrated life is almost irresistible.

Everything in religion which does not result in the building up of better, nobler, purer characters is deciduous. The formal, the ecclesiastical, the sentimental, the credal—all may flourish for a time; but such things are sure to pass and fall away. That only lives which helps men and women to grow better, stronger, happier, day by day.

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## OUR BOOK TABLE

A COMMENTARY ON THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Prof. Bernhard Weiss, D. D., of the University of Berlin. Translated by Prof. Geo. H. Schodde, Ph.D., and Prof. Euphantius Wilson, M. A. With an Introduction by James R. Riggs, D. D. Funk & Wagnalls Co.: New York. Four volumes, cloth. \$12, net.

Dr. Riggs, professor of Biblical Criticism in Auburn Theological Seminary, heartily endorses this crowning work of Professor Weiss' long life. Professor Weiss has spent more than fifty years in studying, teaching, and writing upon the New Testament, and has given us here the mature results of his labors. "Through all the battles of the schools he has kept a vigorous faith. While independent, he has not been extreme; while scientific, he has not forgotten that the Scriptures deal with the profound things of the heart; while progressive, he has not been persuaded simply because something was new." These four bulky volumes, covering some two thousand pages, are constructed in a very peculiar fashion. At the top of each page runs the text, in the Authorized Version, and below it an interpretative paraphrase, a parallel explanatory narrative, in the language of the commentator, following very closely, verse by verse, the words above, turning not aside for any note that cannot be woven readily into the smoothly flowing story that he gives. There are no discussions, no references to difficulties, no homiletical applications of the old truths or facts to new situations, no comparisons of passage with passage—nothing, in short, of the interesting, important matter that makes up the bulk of most commentaries. It has an interest all its own, and will be enjoyed by some; but we should say that most people will not take to it. A paraphrastic reiteration of the old words in a weaker, more attenuated, diluted form, all mixed up with an individual, and more or less faulty, interpretation of them, has little chance to give great satisfaction to any large number. We wonder that Professor Weiss should have adopted this method.

MARK TWAIN'S LIBRARY OF HUMOR. The Primrose Way. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.

We have already noticed the other two volumes of this series. This third one has the same general traits, is made up of selections from the same writers, and is equally unsatisfactory if one takes it up with the thought that he is going to roar right through it. A few of the pieces are witty, but in most cases the fun is so forced that the effect is rather melancholy. One would have to be very peculiarly constituted to want a "library" of this sort of thing.

UNDER THE SUNSET. Harper's Novelettes. Edited by W. D. Howells and H. M. Alden. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.

There are to be several volumes of this series of short stories, republished from the Harper periodicals. They are to contain what the editors consider the most lasting work of our leading American writers. Each volume is to have a separate general theme, on which the various stories will constitute, as it were, variations. In the present case Western frontier life is the topic, and ten authors write about it—Grace Ellery Channing, Thomas A. Janvier, Elia W. Peattie, Marie Manning, Philip Verrill Mighels, Elmore Elliott Peake, Charles A. Eastman, Zoe Dana Underhill, Maurice Kingsley, and Josiah Flynt.

RAISING THE AVERAGE. By Don O. Shelton. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, 50 cents, net.

Four brief essays on "Raising the Average," "Going Forward," "Motive," and

"Holding Fast to Our Mission," specially designed for young people, and dedicated to Francis E. Clark. The motto on the title page is: "How can I bring all my days up to the standard and achievement of my best days?" This is a leading life problem.

THE BOOK OF COMMON WORSHIP. Published by Authority of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America. For Voluntary Use in the Churches. The Presbyterian Board of Publication: Philadelphia.

Modeled after the Church of England Book of Common Prayer, and strikingly similar both in appearance and contents. It contains the "Order of Morning Service," the "Order of Evening Service," a full set of rituals for all sorts of occasions, a "Treasury of Prayers," and the Psalter. On the committee which prepared it were Henry Van Dyke (chairman), Charles (Hubert) Hall, John De Witt, William R. Taylor, and many other judicious, distinguished men, both of the ministry and laity. It will satisfy the large element that desire more elaborate ceremonialism; it will awaken in others alarm as a token of a drift in the wrong direction. The committee do not advise that the principal prayer in the public service be read. After a heated debate in the General Assembly, recently held at Des Moines, it was ordered that all words indicating authorization be stricken from the text and title page of the book, and the next edition will read: "Published for the purpose contemplated by the General Assembly."

ESSENTIALS OF UNITED STATES HISTORY. By William A. Mowry and Blanche S. Mowry. With many maps and illustrations. Silver, Burdett & Co.: New York. Price, 75 cents.

This is a school text book for grammar grades, the author having prepared other volumes for primary schools and high schools. It is in every way satisfactory, bringing the narrative down to the present time, and containing many valuable appendices, with the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg, and other valuable matter.

IS MAN IMMORTAL? GOD IN NATURE. By Rev. W. C. Black, D. D. Smith & Lamar: Nashville, Tenn. Price, 60 cents.

We spoke in high terms of this book (comprising two lectures) when it was issued three years ago. That it has now reached a third edition is sufficient proof that our praise was merited.

INDIA'S DARK NIGHT. By Rev. Brenton Thornburn Badley. Methodist Publishing House: Lucknow, India.

A map well calculated to help on the due celebration of the Jubilee. The maps and charts and diagrams, together with the latest statistics, greatly help to set forth the great needs of this mighty mission field.

SIXTY-SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, AND MANUAL, FOR 1905. Eaton & Mains: New York.

An excellent report, in every sense of the word, with a full account of the anniversary held last October at Steubenville, Ohio, and a helpful manual of better methods.

THE TRACER OF LOST PERSONS. By R. W. Chamber. D. Appleton & Co.: New York. Price, \$1.50.

Half a dozen very racy, refreshing love stories, wherein the girls, who are all that is charming and no way coy, are thrown into an exceedingly original setting by the device of a firm, Keen & Co., who are prepared to locate the whereabouts of anybody on earth. Mr. Westrel Keer, the manager, is a very delightful gentleman, somewhat elderly and very benevolent, with powers and resources almost superhuman, who brings together, by magic, as

it were, at very short notice, the couples that should be, and are, most happily united in matrimony. The conversations are bright and breezy, the plots admirably managed, the pictures helpful, and the whole effect of the volume is entirely satisfactory to the person who loves love.

THE KINGDOM IN THE CRADLE. By James Atkins, D. D. Smith & Lamar: Nashville, Tenn. Price, \$1.25.

Excellent in purpose, style, and contents; also a very creditable specimen of book making. The author has treated the main topics that gather round this general theme, the religious training of the young, in a sensible and wholesome way, well calculated to do much good. It is in line with much that has been published lately, calling fresh attention to the importance of the child's relation to the kingdom of God.

R. HOLMES & Co.: Being the Remarkable Adventures of Raffles Holmes, Esq., Detective and Amateur Cracksman by Birth. By John Kendrick Bangs. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$1.25.

Raffles Holmes is represented as the son of Sherlock Holmes and grandson of Raffles, and he inherits characteristic though conflicting traits from both distinguished progenitors. Jenkins, his companion, is a literary gentleman whom he engages to write him up, after the manner of Dr. Watson and Bunny. The two partners engage in a series of laughable adventures and amass a large fortune. Ludicrous situations follow one another in rapid succession. Throughout Mr. Bangs is in his best vein of humor and satire on modern ways. And there is not a little novelty in the plots (nine in number), in spite of the fact that this detective vein has been so thoroughly worked by good writers with fertile imagination. That Mr. Bangs is not confined to the probable, or even the possible, helps him somewhat.

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## PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC

## Filling the House of God

Sunday, August 26

REV. MATTHIAS S. KAUFMAN, D. D.

## DAILY BIBLE READINGS

August 20. The antagonism of worldliness. Luke 8:14; 1 John 2:15-17.  
 August 21. Remarkable obstinacy. Prov. 24:33.  
 August 22. The church not always hospitable to the truth. Matt. 23:34-38.  
 August 23. The desire of God. Ezek. 18:32; 1 Tim. 2:3.  
 August 24. Sowing everywhere. Acts 8:4.  
 August 25. Pray for the filling of the house. Psa. 2:8.  
 August 26. Topic - Filling the House of God. (The business of His servants.) Luke 16:8.

"Built upon eternal truth,  
 High in mid-heaven, o'er land and sea,  
 Christ's church holds forth to age and youth  
 A beacon and a sanctuary."

The most sacred and useful building in any community, provided it answers its true purpose, is the house of God. It has sometimes been called the "meeting house" — not only where people meet one another, but where they actually meet God. Who can duly estimate the benefits that arise from holding audience with Jehovah? When God's house is neglected, then every human interest declines. How vastly important that the coals upon its altars be kept alive! The faithful ones must not relax their zeal. Nay, more than ever is it binding upon them to bend their best energies toward increasing its numbers and influence.

## Because

Ease and lethargy are abroad to enervate the church.

Material riches flaunt gay attire and luxurious equipage.

A gross materialism overshadows the land.

Indifference like creeping paralysis spreads over even those once devout and ardent.

The old orthodoxy is sneered at, and much of the new is lacking in that moral backbone which can lift and carry forward the ark.

## Trumpet Call

Who will dare to march in the van?

Who has the ethical fibre and spiritual nerve to wage aggressive warfare?

Where are those who fear no foe — no hardship dread?

Whence come they who for the conflict are eager?

Where shall we find people as enthusiastic for filling churches and making them prosper, as are men of the world in pursuing secular aims?

## Replies

Those who have never bowed the knee to Baal or any other idol.

They who have resisted all the allurements of Caesar's palace.

Those who have conquered sin on many a fierce battlefield.

They who have tasted of worldly pleasures and know how inferior they are to the sweet satisfaction of spiritual food.

Those who have demonstrated their fidelity to Christ and can be depended upon in every crisis that may arise.

## A Religious Beehive

Industry marks the successful church. Wesley's motto for early Methodists can scarcely be exceeded for any age: "At it, always at it, all at it." Where this is true of any membership, it ought not to be difficult to fill God's house.

1. There should be a clearer conviction of obligation on the part of each member to be regu-

lar in attendance upon public worship, Sunday-school and all social meetings.

2. A kindly, sympathetic spirit should be manifest, as well as warm cordiality.

3. Courtesy should be extended to strangers, and such a welcome accorded as would make them feel like coming again.

4. More and more should the girls and boys of our homes be encouraged to attend the preaching service.

5. In some places a church nursery is found very useful, where little ones are cared for while the weary mothers may have opportunity to hear the Gospel proclaimed.

6. Occasionally an Epworthian may help fill God's house by looking after the children of a poor home, that the parents may go and enjoy the services.

7. Some there are who rent a pew in the sanctuary and by special invitation and other earnest means have it filled almost every Sunday.

8. Speaking well of the minister and of "our church" on all proper occasions, should be practiced.

9. Indispensable to filling God's house in a way to accomplish the greatest good, is a membership, God-inspired, Christ mastered, Spirit-filled.

Norwich, Conn.

## The Hopeful Trend

From Springfield Republican.

GOVERNOR FOLK, of Missouri, is a good expounder of patriotism, and particularly entitled to preach because of his effective practice. In a recent address before a Chautauqua Assembly at Montauk, Ill., Governor Folk said:

"We are learning that there is just as much patriotism in bettering civil conditions and getting good men into office as in baring one's breast to bullets in the time of war. The patriotism of the past is to be commended, but patriotism does not abide alone in the roaring cannon. The republic needs the man most today who lives every day for his nation, his state, his city. We need more men, more women, whose influence will be for public good instead of for revenue only. One of the greatest impediments to good government is the indifference of the average citizen."

But the average citizen is becoming aroused to his duty in a most encouraging way. If the preachers have failed to realize their hope of an old-time revival of religion, such as they have expected ought to be due, there has come an amazing development in watchful civic righteousness. The signs are with us that this is not a merely spasmodic matter, but something deeper and better, and promising to leave its large mark upon our Government, local and general. There is yet no waning in the demand for the honest administration of affairs, whether in business or politics.

It may seem strange that such intensity of popular purpose for better things should come in these times, that appear to be exceptionally prosperous. But because of this the revival of an honest civic spirit would seem to be normal and most hopeful. It was to this new ideal that every Commencement speaker this summer keyed his oration, and the same temper marks the speaking at the summer schools all over the country. Therefore this is a most hopeful time, with plenty of room in it for the play of an optimism that is sane and purposeful. When the people take notice and insist, good things are accomplished.

It is well to remember that large and lasting progress is achieved through the individual effort. "The Republic needs the man most today who lives every day for his nation, his state, and his city." There is the essence of the new preaching and achievement that is being carried home to the people in plainer terms than

ever before, and with illustrations the most striking.

"Patriotism does not abide alone in the roaring cannon" — and this is what we must all strive to make the rising generation realize. Youth loves to read the stories of war and conflict, and of personal bravery, such as our school histories and juvenile books have been accustomed to set forth. There is danger here that a false perspective may be conveyed. The newer ideal of patriotism is the better and more practical, and nearer to the life of us all.

"We are learning that there is just as much patriotism in bettering civil conditions and getting good men into office, as in baring one's breast to bullets in the time of war." It ought to be assured that war is a steadily waning factor in human affairs. This being so — and to make it a fact is the duty of enlightened citizenship everywhere — it is in order to fit the boys and girls for the better time that this will mean. It is not only necessary to fill them with the new ideal of service, but also to make them appreciate the enthusiasm and the glory of it. To this work the higher teaching of the times is being dedicated, and this will be for the greater and more enduring glory of the United States.

It looks as if the forces of reform were not only gaining great momentum, but were likely to take on later such a spirit of fellowship as will lead to a joining of the forward moving forces. This is a reasonable thing to expect, and to work for. It ought to be commanded, and with sufficient effort can be. Hence this particular period in the life of the United States of America appears to be full of a splendid promise that is exceptional in its character, and filled with the spirit of genuine democracy.

## A Wonderful Day

From the Wesleyan, Halifax, N. S.

WE have lived some time in the world, but we have never had the privilege of reading of such a scene as occurred on Missionary Day at the British Wesleyan Conference. We wish that the record of that day as it appears in the *Methodist Recorder* and the *Methodist Times* were printed in pamphlet form and

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sent by hundreds of thousands to every part of the world, as it is destined to not only influence Methodism, but all the churches. Never has the Methodist Church witnessed such a day. It was a great financial love feast and a veritable Pentecost. The Conference had to face a heavy debt, owing to the expansion of missions and the lack of increased contributions toward the fund, and the question of retrenchment or advance was before the church. After an optimistic report from the secretary of the Missionary Society, Mr. R. W. Perks, M. P., led the way with a grand speech, stating that he had given his subscription of ten pounds a year and thought no more about the matter, but now he would give five hundred pounds a year. That was the spark which started the flame, and from that moment there were spiritual testimonies, and increased subscriptions, until the Conference was in tears, and the enthusiasm burned. One after another gave from five pounds to one thousand for the debt, and doubled the annual subscription; the Central Missions promised an increase of twenty-five per cent. in their gifts; Gipsy Smith offered a fortnight of his holiday to canvass the rich circuits for the fund; and Samuel Chadwick said he would go with him, where upon the Gipsy shouted, "Then I'm your man!" Rich and poor vied with one another during the morning session in giving grandly toward the debt and doubling their annual subscriptions, and when Conference met in the afternoon, there was no time for any business but that of receiving gifts for the missionary cause. Wonderful! Wonderful! Our lips have been quivering when we have read the account of this great meeting. Will Canadian Methodism rise and follow the example of her mother? Move forward! This is your work. Double your subscriptions, and do this for Christ.

### Common Sense

From Boston Post (Democratic).

OF the 27 inmates of the Massachusetts Home for Intemperate Women given their dismissal by the district attorney, 12 preferred to avail themselves of the privilege of remaining there, where they were comfortable and well cared for. One of the 15 who walked out promptly expended Mr. Moran's charitable gift of one dollar in intoxicating beverages, was brought into court in the morning, and upon expressing a wish to return to the Home was granted that privilege by Judge Wentworth.

The form under which this return of the wanderer was sanctioned by the court, in apparent contravention of the purpose of the district attorney, is technically correct, as it is unquestionably humane. The offending woman is placed upon probation, one of the conditions being that she shall remain in the place which she herself has chosen for recovery from her aberration. It is not a prison, for she goes there voluntarily, and she may leave of her own free will; but in leaving she will break her parole and thus come under the ban of the suspended sentence.

Who can object to this? Is it not directly in the line of reformation rather than degradation? Yet this is an example of the practice against which the district attorney made strenuous protest in his order requiring the release of occupants of the institution referred to.

Mr. Moran has made a serious mistake in his onslaught upon the Home for Intemperate Women, an institution which for years has performed a work of charity in a manner entirely unselfish and notably effective. His action is based upon a technicality of the law which contravenes

common sense in this application, and which, as we see, the courts brush aside as unworthy of consideration.

The Home is not a "private prison;" neither, we may believe, are the other institutions of a like character which seek to supplement the work of the municipality through private benevolence. All evidence goes to show that this Home is well conducted; its managers, its physicians and its supporters are respected, responsible men and women. It is not a concern that should be brought before the public in this sensational way.

The district attorney, it should be remarked, makes no charges of mismanagement against the Home for Intemperate Women. It is fair to suppose that none can be made. And as to the usefulness of the work in which the institution is engaged, the public undoubtedly will accept the sensible and practical estimate of Judge Wentworth.

### Northfield Conference Breaks All Records

NO such gathering has ever been held at Northfield as the 24th Annual Conference for Christian Workers, which completed its first week, Aug. 10. In attendance at the assemblies, in the power of the speakers, and in the enthusiasm of the visitors, there has been no previous parallel. Thousands of people are drinking at the fount of inspiration, and in spite of the throngs no one is turned away. Tents, buildings, and hotels all vie with each other in furnishing cheer to the guests, and in no other place but Northfield could so many assemble with so little inconvenience. Two things have stood out prominently in the work of the first week -- the sub-conference on pastoral evangelism, and the presence in Northfield of great Bible teachers both from at home and abroad. The final meeting of the pastors' conference took place, Aug. 11, the question of methods, such as singing, after-meetings, and workers, being discussed. Scores of evangelists have taken part in the debates during the past week, and many inspiring speeches were made toward helping each pastor to become his own evangelist.

In the regular work of the Conference the dominating figures, apart from Mr. W. R. Moody, who presided, were Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, of London, Dr. Johnston Ross, of Cambridge, and Dr. John A. Hutton, of Newcastle on Tyne. Dr. Morgan continued the series of lectures begun by him two years ago on the Pentateuch. He will also lecture daily during September on the Book of Job. Dr. Ross will likewise be at the post conference addresses, and will supplement Dr. Morgan, speaking on the Book of John. On the educational side the conference has shown its usual widespread interest, taking up the work of Hampton Institute, Rogers Academy of Arkansas, and Miss Martha Berry's School at Rome,

Georgia. The missionary tone has been unusually high, and many nations have been spoken of in the sunset meetings on Round Top.

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### Dedication of "Lay Memorial" Methodist Episcopal Church

The beautiful new church building at Feeding Hills, the gift of Mr. E. R. Lay, president of the trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Westfield, was dedicated in accord with Methodist usages by Dr. W. G. Richardson, presiding elder of Springfield District, on Wednesday afternoon and evening, Aug. 1. Ministers from surrounding towns and villages were in attendance with their people, and Feeding Hills opened wide her hospitality to the interested visitors. More than 400 partook of the bountiful supper provided by the Ladies' Aid Society between the afternoon and evening services.

Feeding Hills has been the home of Methodism for considerably more than a hundred years. The circuit-riders early sought out favorable places for their stations, and feeding places for the stage horses of the eighteenth century became popular places for those early itinerants. Doubtless "Feeding Hills" obtained its name from the fact that the stage drivers made this one of the principal stopping places en route from the seaboard to the interior. The first edifice erected by the Methodists was in 1799. This, with additions and changes, served its purpose till 1851, when a more pretentious building was dedicated. For nearly another half-century this building, known far and near for the meeting place of the faithful few, seemed to satisfy the flock which, despite its numbers, did excellent work for the Master. In 1900 a modest church was built, which at the time was thought to be amply large for the needs of this people; but it is not safe to reckon on what young blood will accomplish. A Westfield boy, Rev. D. Burdette Aldrich, was sent to this place in 1903, and though he had had no experience as a preacher and pastor, he soon controlled the situation of this country charge as with the hand of a master. During the three years and four months of his pastorate the membership has doubled, and the congregation more than doubled. As class-leader in the Westfield church he showed organizing abilities which were evidenced in this wider field. He had visions, and, though some thought they were the vaporings of the youthful mind, Mr. E. R. Lay, an old-time leader of the celebrated Praying Band of Westfield, recognized their true worth, and both men, consulting together, and led by the Lord, planned for the larger Methodism of Feeding Hills. The present beautiful church came from these two men. Had they failed to meet and recognize the spirit and energy of each other, this edifice would not have been erected.

Mr. E. R. Lay is president of the trustees of Westfield, and though he has poured out his money for this new church (he has built the church and furnished it entire, even to the hymn books, at a cost of more than \$12,000), he has not discontinued his liberal work at home. He is one of the best supporters of the church at Westfield, his philanthropic work in the Grand Army, his gifts for the Y. M. C. A., and his continuous assistance for all kinds of worthy causes, marking him as one of the most generous Methodists on Springfield District. He has been wonderfully blessed in his accumulation of money. He has not been the victim of legacies, but has gotten all by the hardest kind of work, supplemented by good sense and far reaching commercial vision. As a painter, paper-hanger, whip-maker, and extensive farmer, he has been most successful. He is the son of Ralph Lay, and the grandson of Gibbins Lay, both strong men of former days in Feeding Hills Methodism. Edwin Ralph Lay, the giver of this church, is a little more than seventy years of age. The three generations have covered the history of Methodism in this beautiful country of rich and productive farms.

The edifice is 52x43 feet, with a tower 14 feet square rising to a height of 90 feet. The auditorium is 51x42 and the present seating ca-

capacity is 200, which can be increased easily to 300 should occasion require. It is finished in oak, and the organ is built to correspond. There is a broad centre aisle and aisles on either side, the seats arranged so that all worshippers face the speaker. The ceiling is steel, tinted in light colors, which with the delicate coloring of the walls gives the auditorium a bright and pleasing appearance. The Halliday-Flower memorial window of the old church has been transferred to the front of the new church, and on either side beautiful panels have been added, making the window suited to the larger space. The window and panels are the gift of Miss Mary Halliday. The old church is connected with the new building, and is to be used for a parish house. A large and commodious vestry in the new church will serve as a Sunday school room. At the rear of this vestry is a large pastor's study.

Dr. Richardson was aided in the dedicatory service by local pastors, a very large number being present. Mr. Lay honored his pastor at Westfield by inviting him to preach the dedication sermon. The theme was: "Some Characteristics of Peter which are Needed in the Modern Church." At the close of the sermon, the pastor, Rev. D. B. Aldrich, presented Mr. E. R. Lay with a beautiful testimonial, executed by Mr. Samuel DeForest Holt, a professional penman of Philadelphia, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Holt, of Feeding Hills. This artistic piece is the finest pen production the writer has ever seen. The testimonial bears the signatures of D. Burdette Aldrich, Fred P. Halliday, Heman Smith, and Fred A. Johnson.

The evening service was interesting and instructive. Rev. Nathaniel J. Merrill, who will be 90 years of age on the 25th of this month, gave an address of about thirty minutes which was full of early history of the town and church. Rev. W. H. Adams, a former pastor, gave a review of his experiences in this field. Mrs. J. H. Knell, of Westfield, gave a most excellently prepared reminiscential address; and Mr. E. R. Lay, the donor, had a free time in relating his experience as to the how and why he became involved in this enterprise. This speech scintillated with some of the old time Methodist fire. An appropriate poem, written for the occasion by Mrs. Lorinda Halliday, was read by the pastor, as were letters from Revs. J. W. Price, of Atkinson, Maine, and William Ferguson, former pastors of the church.

C. E. DAVIS

## THE CONFERENCES

### NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

#### Dever District

*Haverhill, Grace Church.*—The real estate, inclusive of the chapel, held by the Third Church, has been sold for \$7,000, as the Third had become a part of Grace Church. This sale brings some \$3,000, net, to the treasury of the consolidated church. The property sold goes to the Hebrew people now thronging that part of the city. The chapel will serve as a synagogue. Payment is to be in installments. The sale made immediate necessity for some provision for the Sunday-school and social meetings at that point. For the present social services will be in one of the homes. The Sunday-school will be merged with the larger one at Grace Church and free transportation assured for the families by a special car. Mr. J. A. Murray, formerly of First Church, has been made Sunday-school superintendent. Notwithstanding the summer exodus, the school has about 200 in attendance. Large congregations, morning and evening, have been in evidence at preaching services. In July and August, however, a social meeting is the order for Sunday night, and in the latter month these evening services are in charge of the Epworth League. Rev. H. D. Deetz, the busy pastor, is now away for a summer outing. A part of his time will be passed at Northfield in pursuit of fresh preparation for yet better service of the church. In his absence the pulpit will be supplied by Rev. R. H. Humphriss, D. D., of Philadelphia. Dr. Humphriss was pastor at Haverhill prior to the forming of Grace Church. Some of the older families have kept his memory and are much pleased at this renewal of his ministry.

Services at the chapel in *Nicholsville* have been greatly interrupted. A class in Bible study has been formed this season of much

interest. Work will be resumed in September. The Life of Christ is the burden undertaken.

Grace Church has generously shared in the aid afforded by the school-teachers of the city. The kindergarten teacher, Miss Chayer, has opened a kindergarten class in the Sunday-school that promises much. The Y. M. C. A. secretaries and physical directors have in several instances in recent years been members of our church and have been helpful at Grace. The present secretary, Mr. Bert W. Gillette, is a Methodist. He is doing excellent work in the city. Mr. Deetz recently was called to marry a man and woman. A few Sundays after, just before the sermon, they came to the altar, and signified their desire to become probationers, the husband affirming they had duly talked thereof at home and had decided to be followers of Christ. Four probationers enrolled and 9 received into full membership, with 2 others by certificate, make an encouraging outlook.

*Raymond.*—July 17, during the absence of the pastor, Rev. W. H. Leith, and his family, the parsonage was injured by lightning.

*Exeter.*—The W. F. M. S. monthly meeting was held, July 18, with Mrs. John Howe. Six new members were enrolled. After readings and songs by the members, their pastor, Rev. R. H. Huse, gave an address on "Missionaries I Have Known."

*Portsmouth.*—At the seaside cottage—Wallis Sands—of Dr. G. B. Chadwick, the W. F. M. S. and the Epworth League have had enjoyable and profitable meetings, afternoon and evening.

*Amesbury.*—The Congregational, Baptist and Methodist Episcopal churches have union services this month. Their pastors have generous leave of absence. Aug. 12, Rev. F. W. Baldwin, D. D., recently the pastor of a large Congregational church in New Jersey, but now resident in Acworth, N. H., will be the preacher. Aug. 19, the pastor at Salem, Pleasant St., a transfer from the Des Moines Conference, will preach for these united churches. Aug. 26, Rev. W. W. Hovey, D. D., president Richmond Theological Institute (Baptist), Richmond, Va., will close this series of special sermons. Much good should result from this courteous, fraternal movement at Amesbury.

*Hedding.*—Rev. F. K. Gamble and family are passing their vacation here. Rev. L. R. Danforth and his wife are in the Williams cottage. This property is likely to pass to some other name. Gen. Charles Williams, long a staunch friend and helper at Hedding, died a few years ago, and this summer his widow passed away also. Dr. L. B. Chase, of Haverhill, has been staying at the ground, but is now at the Isles of Shoals. The ground is looking finely. Cottages are mostly occupied. The Coautauquans will now be busy for two weeks. It will please many to know that the studio has now a chimney and a fireplace, and is also receiving a coat of paint. The time for the annual camp meeting is near. Dr. Sanderson has issued his roll of helpers. Among the names are these: Rev. W. H. Rider, D. D., our new man at Garden St., whom all will wish to hear, and Rev. Dr. F. K. Stratton and Rev. John Galbraith, Ph. D., of the New England Conference. This scribe saw Dr. Stratton at Hedding forty years

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ago this summer, and has a sharp remembrance of an altar service most forcefully conducted by him and City Missionary Wilson, of Lawrence.

*Newfielda.* — The Sunday school recently accepted the generous invitation of Mr. Eugene H. Cox, a Malden Methodist, who has a summer home on "Pike's Peak," a mile or so from the village, for a picnic day. The day was fine, and the children of all ages had a delightful outing. Mr. Cox and family are helpful every way and are more heartily welcomed every season.

O. C.

#### Manchester District

*Manchester, St. Jean's* — Rev. and Mrs. E. J. Pallou are rejoicing over the advent of another fine baby boy, Arthur Henri.

### MAINE CONFERENCE

#### Portland District

*Biddeford.* — With a western breeze sweeping down upon this church, great things ought to be hoped for. Rev. R. N. Joscelyn is taking hold of the work with his usual vigor and a purpose to make things hum. At one time the measles had every member of the family in its grip — except the pastor — who was obliged to be doctor, nurse, cook, and preacher. That the surplus energy of the pastor might be utilized, the little church at South Biddeford has the benefit of a Sunday afternoon service, which is highly appreciated by the people. Here we have an object lesson of the folly, if not the wickedness, of a church split on doctrinal lines and a fraction going out to form an Advent church and building a chapel while each wars against the other until neither society can support a preacher. This leaves the little community with no shepherd, and a divided flock left to wander, God knows where. Consolidation and not division; "that they may be one," is the Divine order. That old saying of "Puck," "What fools we mortals be!" is by no means a foolish remark.

*Saco.* — Rev. Walter Canham and family were given a royal reception. We hear only the most pleasant things said by his people regarding him and his work. Twenty-five members were added last year, and a strong spiritual tide was running deeply at the opening of the present Conference year. We trust that the new pastor, who is in the very prime of his ministry, will still lead on to greater victories, and that this church may become a great spiritual dynamo in this conservative city.

*Berwick.* — This charge always responds to outside calls which are meritorious. To the San Francisco sufferers \$63 were sent, and \$10 beside to help rebuild the churches. The pastor, Rev. T. P. Baker, has been granted a vacation of three Sundays, and receives a purse of money toward paying the necessary expenses. Boothbay Harbor is the objective point, where Mr. Baker and family will enjoy their outing at the summer home of Mrs. Baker. This church is blessed with a collector who collects, and pays, all bills in a prompt, methodical manner.

*South Berwick.* — With a vacation of four Sundays spent in the country, and salary paid up to date, Rev. W. P. Holman returns refreshed for the fall campaign, full of faith and courage. Recently 2 have been received on probation, and 5 into full connection. Ten have been graduated from the primary department of the Sunday-school into the intermediate, each receiving a Bible as a present from the superintendent.

*Sanford.* — This church showed its good judgment in unanimously inviting Rev. A. Hamilton to remain for the fifth year. Those who attend class-meeting exceed the number attending the weekly prayer-meeting. A more loyal people to the church and Sunday-school it will be hard to find. Since Conference 6 have been received on probation. Paul, the pastor's oldest son, has become a machinist and works in Bath, but his affection for his mother prompts him to write her a note every day. "Can a child forget his mother?" Not this child; and not many boys have such a rare mother to remember.

*Afred.* — Rev. C. E. Brooks, son of Rev. C. A. Brooks, of Norway, was appointed to this

charge. Graduating from Bates College in June, he entered upon his work with much courage, only to be disappointed, for his physician advised him to quit all study, as he was in danger of losing his eyesight. This leaves our church without a pastor for the present.

B. C. W.

### N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

#### Merwick District

*Willimantic Camp ground.* — It speaks well for this favored summer resort that so many persons return here year after year, bringing with them their friends from places somewhat remote, who greatly enjoy the blessings they receive in improved physical health. Nearly fifty cottages were occupied late in July, and all are now filled probably. An unusually large number of strangers have taken cottages this year, and are greatly pleased with their environment. Revs. H. D. Robinson, F. C. Baker, and Jacob Betts, and their families, will spend the month of August on these grounds. Rev. E. F. Smith spends the summer in his cottage here, and this year has charge of the public services until the camp meeting begins. He occupied the pulpit very acceptably, July 29, at the 4 o'clock service. He has been secured to supply the pulpit at Gale's Ferry the first two Sundays in August, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. D. W. Adams, who is spending a few weeks at Chautauqua. A good audience assembled in the Tabernacle, Aug. 22, to hear a sermon by Rev. J. H. Newland, of Willimantic. Mr. Edward M. Wheeler, of Providence, led the singing. Miss Mabel White, of Providence, gave a fine rendering of MacDougall's "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." In the evening a good

service was held in the Niantic House. A service was recently conducted by Rev. K. H. Burton, an Episcopal clergyman of the Church of Our Saviour at Plainville, Conn.

At the camp meeting Mr. E. M. Wheeler will have charge of the music, Mr. E. L. Barnes will play the cornet, and Miss Carrie Baker, daughter of Rev. F. C. Baker, will serve as organist. The new Hymnal will be used at the public preaching services. For the service of song, the book entitled "The Songs of the Gospel" will be used, as they were also last year. The Woman's Missionary meetings will be held Aug. 19. A Sunday-school has been organized on the camp-ground, with Mrs. Jane E. Reed, superintendent; Charles B. Packard, assistant superintendent; and Mrs. H. H. Sterry, secretary and treasurer.

*Personals* — Much regret is expressed at the death of Mrs. J. C. Gowan, of California, a sister of Mrs. Rev. H. D. Robinson. Mr. Gowan was formerly a pastor in our Conference. It is reported that he is in very feeble health.

Rev. S. O. Benton, D. D., of New York, occupied the pulpit of Rev. J. H. Newland in Willimantic on July 29, in the absence of the pastor at Camp Wentworth, Wolfboro, N. H. Rev. W. C. Baker preached on Aug. 5. The pulpit will be occupied Aug. 12, by Rev. D. C. Griffin, and Aug. 19 by Rev. F. C. Baker. During the absence of Mr. Newland he will be assisted in the matter of pastoral service by Rev. Messrs. F. C. Baker and Eljah F. Smith.

Rev. C. H. Van Natter, of Jewett City, held a well-attended and interesting open-air service on a recent Sunday afternoon in Burleson's grove in Sylvandale. Excellent preaching and fine singing call out the people, and will doubtless do them good. Rev. E. M. Anthony has

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also shown this interest by his presence and kind services in preaching in this grove.

Rev. J. H. James, of Rockville, lecturer for the Connecticut Temperance Union, supplying the pulpit of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Danielson in the morning of July 22, preached the sermon at the union open air services at 6 o'clock in the afternoon, taking as his text Phil. 1:27. The attendance was large, and the interest manifested was very pronounced.

X. Y. Z.

### EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

#### Bucksport District

*Swan's Island.* — Rev. J. D. McNair has gone from Swan's Island, Me., to Sonyen, N. Y., where he has been appointed chaplain of the Craig Colony for epileptics. He had been located at Swan's Island fourteen months. The conditions there were a little unusual, he being pastor of both the Methodist Episcopal Church at Swan's Island and the Baptist Church at Atlantic, preaching in both churches on Sunday — a position that required great discretion and care, but which he filled to the entire satisfaction of both churches. During his pastoral repairs were made on the Methodist Church to the amount of \$200, and also on the Baptist Church to the amount of \$450, sufficient funds being raised in both cases to defray all expenses. Mr. McNair was especially liked by the young people, they forming a large part of both congregations. As a token of their esteem and appreciation of his labors he was presented, before leaving, with a fine gold watch.

### NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

#### Boston District

*Egleston Square.* — Rev. C. P. Pledger, pastor, recently closed a successful four weeks' series of services in a gospel tent at the corner of Columbus Avenue and Ashworth Park. The meetings have been well attended. There have been a goodly number of conversions, and many have signified their intention of joining the Egleston Square Church.

#### Lynn District

*Malden, Centre Church.* — Rev. John R. Shannon, D. D., pastor, has gone West on his vacation. During his absence his pulpit will be supplied as follows: Sunday, Aug. 12, Prof. S. L. Beller, of Boston School of Theology; Aug. 19, Rev. S. F. Jones, of Hanover, N. H.; Aug. 26, Rev. T. C. Cleveland, of Gloucester; Sept. 2, President F. H. Knight, of New Orleans University; Sept. 9, Presiding Elder Leonard.

### OUR OPPORTUNITIES IN PORTO RICO

REV. L. W. STAPLES, PH. D.

WHEN the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, and while they were fighting their terrific battle against cold, and pestilence, and starvation, less than a half thousand leagues to the south of them a beautiful island lay basking in the sun of a tropical climate. The blue waves of the Atlantic lapped its northern shores, and the warm lips of the Caribbean caressed its southern marge. Its hills and mountains, clad in tropical luxuriance to their very summits, made a charming contrast to the deep blue of the encircling waters. A rich emerald, it was set in the bosom of a turquoise sea.

#### Its Past

Here had lived and loved an intelligent, peaceful race from time immemorial — the Borinquen Indian, peaceful when unmolested, but fiercely warlike when oppressed. Some four hundred years ago, the Spaniard in his thirst for gold and adventure landed on the shores of this beautiful island. He conquered and enslaved her people, setting her men to washing gold from river beds and appropriating her women to his own lust.

So the centuries slipped by, till the sturdy native was no more, and a mixed race has

come to take his place. Some old Spanish families of the island have retained their Castilian purity, but for the most part blood is hopelessly mixed. Borinquen, Carib, Spaniard, Negro, and Saxon are clearly recognizable in the faces of the Porto Ricans of today. Four hundred years of oppression, slavery, misgovernment, immoral example of lustful masters, and only a devitalized Catholicism for religion — a Catholicism that has borne hither along the ages a few unselfish, faithful teachers of righteousness, but too often has been, and now is, little more than a baptized idolatry. Hence poverty, abject, hopeless, generation after generation, century after century, crushing at least four fifths of the people all the time — poverty of purse, of soul, of morals, of ambition, of high ideals, poverty of body, mind, and spirit.

#### The People

And yet they are an intelligent, teachable people, fairly industrious and well disposed, and multiplying prodigiously. There is no "race suicide" apparent in peon homes of Porto Rico. Children crowd their way into surroundings of abject poverty. Amidst tears and suffering they fight their pitiable little battles for life against cruel odds, and so often they are beaten. Little bundles of sublime possibility, but for whom there seems as yet no provision.

But at last the burdens are being lifted. Hope is taking the place of despair. Ambition and energy begin to stir. Higher ideals are entering the minds of that people, and higher standards of morality are being lifted up before their eyes. American influences are stirring the ambitions especially of the young, and a purer faith, with a vital, helpful, saving Gospel, is already coming to the lives of many.

It was no accident that this tropical garden, this diamond of the Antilles, marvelous in beauty and fertility, came under the Stars and Stripes as a result of the Spanish War. It was God's way of redeeming the island. With the unfurling of our flag over San Juan, God put a tremendous responsibility both upon the Government of the United States and upon the church of the United States. With the opening of the gates of Morro Castle, an entrance was given to a hundred thousand homes that need us more than words can tell. By that act God set down a million big children at our doors, to be led, and taught, and nurtured into larger and better living, into Christian character and citizenship. Ours is the opportunity. It comes first, and with compelling emphasis, to us.

#### Work Being Done

We are greatly pleased at the good work being done by Protestant missionaries and their helpers. As we looked upon their splendid enterprises at close range, our lethargic soul warmed into real enthusiasm. Whatever doubt as to the need or the wisdom of their work in that land had hitherto betogged our mind, was quite swept away by the strong trade winds of facts, that are sweeping over the island with ever-increasing force — facts in educational, humanitarian, and evangelizing work. Very much is being done for that people. Many of the American teachers, business men, and government employees are men and women of irreproachable character, normally active in Christian work, examples in daily living of what Christian manhood and womanhood should be. Would God that this could be said of all, for one indifferent, immoral American, especially in Government employ, greatly discounts and hinders the good work of all the others.

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NEAR WASHINGTON AND SUMMER STREETS

We noted with great satisfaction the helpful working out of the agreement in regard to denominational comity — that where any one denomination is established in a town or city (except San Juan and Ponce), others shall not crowd in, but leave the field and the responsibility to the first occupant. This is religious common sense, and a great saving of the Lord's treasure both in money and men. For instance, the Presbyterians are doing a splendid work in Mayaguez, having a well established church and a hospital in that beautiful city; hence, that field and that responsibility are recognized to be theirs. The Baptists are doing good work in several towns of the island, especially in Ponce, where Rev. Mr. Rudd is proving a hero in the work — a great hearted, consecrated, common sense man, who has gone there with his family to stay with that people and help build the kingdom of Christ in Ponce till the crowning day shall come.

The Protestant Episcopal Church has been longest on the island, but makes slow progress. In conversation with Bishop Van Buren, he said: "Your Methodism unquestionably leads all other forces on the island in direct evangelism, in educational work, and in its hold upon the people."

#### Methodism

Under the inspiring lead of Rev. Benj. S. Haywood, D. D., superintendent, our Methodism is going everywhere with the saving message. It now has 95 preaching places and congregations, largely manned by native pastors. Many of these preaching places are very primitive, just a little mountain chapel, thatched with palm leaves, that cost not more than \$100, but it means so much to that mountain village — a place of worship, a Sunday-school, a day-school through the week, the only centre of religious and intellectual life for that hamlet. It is truly "heaven hid in the meal." Some twelve American missionaries organized and direct all this on the old circuit plan of



Methodism, modified to local needs.

In beautiful Guayama we found Rev. George B. Benedict preaching, organizing, building chapels, and sending out native teachers and preachers to surrounding villages with the true apostolic spirit. He thus makes of his city church the centre of a great circuit, which he inspires and administers with consecrated zeal. He has now in process of construction three chapels in as many villages, and each will be an untold blessing to a hamlet that before was utterly destitute of religious influence. At the midweek prayer-meeting in the home church it was our privilege to give, through Mr. Benedict as interpreter, a brief testimony to the helpful friendship of Jesus, and the glow upon the dark faces before us was an assurance that we had something in common.

At Arecibo we missed meeting Rev. Mr. Van Fleet, he being absent on another part of the circuit, but we attended service Sunday evening in his city church, having a membership of 200 and 150 probationers. A native pastor was preaching with directness, gracefulness and power. Evidently a born orator, with "glits and grace," touched with "the live coal," in manner and presentation of the truth, and in power over the audience, he would have been a credit to a Boston pulpit. We had previously attended the Catholic service across the Plaza, where we counted 173 women and children worshipers—not a man among them seated and participating in the service, though from 50 to 75 men stood back by the door or behind the pillars outside the circle of worship. Going over to the Methodist church, I found an audience of about 200, over one-half of whom were men in the prime of life, listening intently to the Gospel and participating in the service. Why the contrast?

In San Juan we found Rev. David W. Crane just closing a very successful pastorate in the English-speaking church (the First Methodist Episcopal). Yielding to his kindly insistence that we preach Sunday morning, we found ourselves face to face with a remarkably intelligent and appreciative audience, that fairly well filled the house, though it was in the midst of the vacation season. Teachers from the public schools, business men, heads of governmental departments, clerks in government employ, men from the marine corps, and others, made up a unique congregation. Mr. Crane has been most assuredly the right man in the right place, and his departure for the States because of health reasons is greatly regretted. We there found the eldest son of Rev. A. R. Nichols, of the New England Conference, the efficient superintendent of the Sunday school,

and he and his wife and younger brother active workers in the church. Mr. Nichols is at the head of the Insular Assessor's Department, but gives his influence and active support to the church. Thank God for such sons of such sires!

Trinity Church (Spanish speaking, native) in San Juan, with Rev. Mr. Andujar, pastor, has a membership of 145 and 66 probationers, and is the centre of large influence in surrounding towns.

W. H. M. S.

The McKinley Free School in San Juan, under the superintendency of Miss Lila M. Thayer, is doing a splendid work for 110 girls, each of whom, also, is a member of our Methodist Sunday-school.

The George O. Robinson Orphanage at Santurce, a seaside suburb of San Juan, is supporting and training 18 orphan girls—all that present accommodations will admit. Miss Hannah Hegeman, the superintendent, says: "We are working that, through the love of God in their hearts, the result may be good girls, good women, good homes." This is the building of teachers for our mission schools and of mothers for Christian homes. It is foundation work, whose value cannot be measured. Through the liberality of Judge Robinson, of Detroit, and others, after he had personally looked over the work and the field, the need seemed so great that the committee, at his insistence, began erecting at once a larger building on their recently acquired five acre lot by the sea at Borinquen Park. The new building is of cement blocks, made right there on the ground, built for permanence, and will accommodate some 60 girls instead of 18, and in the near future we trust an added wing will be filled with 60 orphan boys. Thus will more than one hundred little orphan waifs be taken up out of the mire of hopelessness, taught, and established in the principles of Christian discipleship, and sent forth, themselves the gospel message incarnate, to their people, to be home-builders in a new order of life, fathers and mothers of a new race. Slow work? But it is sublime in its Christlikeness and in its permanent possibilities.

#### The Need

When the American Government took possession of Porto Rico, the Spanish Government turned over to it only one school building. Today there are hundreds of public school buildings, and over 1,200 public school teachers, 120 of whom are Americans. About one-third of the revenues of the island are devoted to public schools. Over 45,000 children are in constant attendance, and perhaps 20,000 more in the parochial schools. But there are 365,000 children on the island between five and eighteen years of age. That means that only one child out of six can get into school because of lack of Government appropriations and school accommodations. The waiting list at most of the schools is far greater than the number in attendance. The need is pitiful. The church must supplement the Government schools. The cry of our Superintendent Haywood is a heart-cry for more money and more men to organize, inspire, and direct the native workers, for the education and uplift of the children. The sum of \$15 a month enables an efficient native teacher-preacher, with what volunteer assistance he can get, to teach and care for 100 children. What an investment in "futures," that shall pay large dividends through coming years!

#### Heroes

But time fails me to tell of many other fields—of Mr. Penzotti at Albonito, of Leo and Wilson at Ponce, of Culpeper at

Vieques, and many others, who are working valiantly to establish the kingdom of the real Christ on that beautiful island in the midst of this our western Mediterranean. All honor to these heroes of the Cross, these pioneers of a new civilization, these builders of a new Christian State! It is for us to take their work upon our hearts, to pray for them out there on the firing line between the forces of light and darkness, and not fail to send them needed reinforcements in money and men.

Asbury Temple, Waltham.

UNION WOMAN'S MISSIONARY MEETING. — The anniversary exercises of the Woman's Home Missionary Society and the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society will be held at Asbury Grove, on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 26, at 2:30 p. m. Speakers: Mrs. Annie M. Baird, of Ashburnham, and Miss Althea Todd, of China. All interested in the work of these societies are invited to attend.

MRS. JOEL M. LEONARD.

Every Christian needs to practice what might be termed the arrest of worldliness. There is no believer so saintly but that at times this present world with its glittering shows or its seductive allurements presses upon him with a seemingly irresistible force. Nevertheless the rising tide of worldliness must be arrested, and not allowed to swamp the spiritual life of the individual. There is a limit to the extent to which a Christian may participate in the life and activities of society, commerce, politics, or even education. Too much preoccupation with the interests of the present inevitably enervates the moral fibre. "In the world, but not of it," is the only safe ideal for the Christian believer.

## CHURCH REGISTER

### HERALD CALENDAR

Allen Campmeeting, Strong, Me.,	Aug. 10-20
Richmond, Maine, Campmeeting,	Aug. 10-20
Bible School, Sheldon, Vt.,	Aug. 13-18
Weirs Campmeeting, Weirs, N. H.,	Aug. 13-18
Claremont Junction Campmeeting,	Aug. 13-27
Empire Grove Campmeeting at East Poland, Me.,	Aug. 16-27
East Livermore Campmeeting,	Aug. 17-27
Claremont Junction campmeeting,	Aug. 13-26
Northport Wesleyan Grove Campmeeting,	Aug. 20-25
Sterling Campmeeting and Epworth League Assembly,	Aug. 20-26
Foxcroft Campmeeting,	Aug. 20-28
Martha's Vineyard Campmeeting,	Aug. 20-28
Sheldon, Vt., Campmeeting,	Aug. 20-27
Willimantic Campmeeting,	Aug. 20-27
Bucksport Dist. Ep. League Convention, East Machias Camp-ground,	Aug. 24-25
Ithiel Falls, Johnson, Vt.,	Aug. 24-Sept. 3
Nobleboro Campmeeting,	Aug. 26-Sept. 2
Laurel Park Campmeeting,	Aug. 26-Sept. 3
Laurel Park Summer School of Inspiration, Northampton,	Aug. 26-Sept. 3
East Machias Campmeeting,	Aug. 27-31
Hedding Campmeeting, Hedding, N. H.,	Aug. 27-Sept. 1
Asbury Grove Campmeeting,	Aug. 27-Sept. 3
Groveton Campmeeting,	Aug. 28-Sept. 3
Wilmot Campmeeting,	Sept. 3-7

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## OBITUARIES

When the death-dews dim my eyes,  
And my bosom panting lies,  
Ebbing life's receding sighs,  
Shorter, fainter, growing;  
Ere my spirit breaks her way  
Through her prison-walls of clay,  
Into realms of endless day —  
The land to which I'm going —

May the dear familiar band  
Of weeping friends that round me stand,  
Watching the decreasing sand,  
Fast and faster flowing,  
Chant some low strain, blending well  
With the solemn passing bell,  
Of the holy home to tell —  
The land to which I'm going.

Let them sing, "Dear suffering one,  
Soon thy journey will be done,  
Thy fight be fought, thy race be run:  
Thy soul, with rapture glowing,  
The everlasting hills shall see,  
Where pain no more can come to thee,  
And neither sin nor sorrow be —  
The land to which thou'rt going.

"He, thy Saviour and thy guide,  
For thy guilty sake that died,  
Even now is by thy side,  
Comfort thoughts bestowing.  
Angelic forms their arms extend,  
And smileth many a long lost friend  
Glad welcome to thy journey's end —  
The land to which thou'rt going."

Then, as the burden of their song  
In faint, sweet cadence dies along,  
One happy, radiant look among  
That group of mourners throwing;  
Just as they faded from my view,  
I fain would breathe one fond adieu,  
Till in that land we meet anew —  
The land to which I'm going.

— Anon.

Roberts. — Elizabeth Moulton Roberts, wife of Rev. J. P. Roberts, of Anson, Me., was born in Lyman, York County, Maine, April 1, 1852, and died at her home, April 5, 1906.

Mrs. Roberts was a woman of rare Christian character, rife ting the spirit of Christ in face, word, and action. She was an ideal wife and mother, wise as a counselor, trustworthy as an example, diligent as a toiler, in all the matters pertaining both to this life and the one beyond. As a Christian she was pure in heart, mind, and speech, of deep love for Christ, strong faith in His Word, and untiring zeal in His service. She was patient, cheerful, hopeful, under all circumstances. The things of God were real to her, and, consequently, impressed their reality upon all who came under her influence. In her home church at Madison she was a tower of strength and an inspiring example to others. Her testimony had a ring of confidence and authority, as she testified of Christ and exhorted others to accept Him, while her prayers were marked by a fervor that compelled the attention of both God and man. She was always loyal to her church and pastor, faithful to duty, and successful as a soul winner. As a Sunday-school worker Mrs. Roberts excelled, teaching the Scriptures from the standpoint of experience rather than theory. Her last work in the Sunday-school was pre-eminently successful. A large class of young men and young women was gathered by her efforts and held by her strong personality, while she inspired their faith and gently led them in the grace and knowledge of her Lord and Master.

On her 54th birthday she attended church, partook of the Lord's Supper, and taught in the Sunday-school as usual. The following Sabbath she was again before the church altar, but this time in her casket, sincerely mourned by a grief-stricken company of friends and acquaintances that completely filled the church. The services were conducted by her pastor, assisted by Rev. C. K. Evans. A beautiful floral tribute was conducted by her husband, each member of the family, Sunday-school class, and W. C. T. U. dropping a beautiful flower of springtime, typical of the beauty and fragrance of her life, into the casket with her sacred form.

She leaves to mourn their irreparable loss, a husband, Rev. J. P. Roberts, a son, Alfred W.,

and two daughters, Annie B. and Florence M., who have the prayers and heartfelt sympathy of a wide circle of friends.

H. L. NICHOLS.

Phelps. — Mrs. Mary Page Phelps, for forty-four years the widow of Mr. George G. Phelps, was born in Hebron, Conn., Oct. 25, 1816, and died in Meriden, Conn., May 2, 1906.

She came of a devout Methodist ancestry. From early childhood she was identified with the church, and knew many of the old-time, heroic preachers who made her father's house one of their homes as they traveled their great circuits and preached in kitchens and school-houses, barns and groves, wherever opportunity served them. Through all her life she gladly gave of her means to all the varied interests of the church and maintained an intelligent interest in them all. While her husband lived their home was an ideal one of the truest, purest type. Through her long widowhood she made her home with her elder daughter, Mrs. C. C. Foskett, of Meriden, Conn., but made long visits with her younger daughter, the wife of Rev. W. H. Wardell, of the New York East Conference. In the Ocean Grove cottage of the latter she shared the summer services of this world famed religious resort — a most blessed prelude and preparation for heaven to her.

In the autumn of 1903 she had a fall that crippled her for the rest of her life, but with all her faculties unimpaired, she waited with a clear faith, a perfect patience, and sweet resignation until her change came.

Appropriate funeral services were held at her daughter's home in Meriden, Conn., in charge of her pastor, Rev. F. B. Stockdale, and her burial followed in the family plot where she awaits the resurrection call.

W. H. WARDELL.

Whitney. — Jonathan Stone Whitney was born in Gorham, Me., March 11, 1824, and on the morning of July 13, 1906, after a brief but severe illness, the good Master called him from the cares of this life to the refreshing presence of His love. He was the son of Eli and Damaris Whitney, and was the last survivor of six children.

March 31, 1857, he was united in marriage with Amanda R. Hopkinson, who remains to mourn the loss of her devoted companion with whom she had lived happily for nearly fifty years. To them were born four children, the eldest dying in infancy. The remaining are: Mrs. Sarah F. Files, who is the mother of five children; Frank Irving, a prosperous farmer; and Miss Lulu. The two last named are graduates of Gorham Normal School. Miss Lulu Whitney has taught school for quite a number of years in Wakefield, Mass.

The deceased has always resided in his native town, commanding love and respect from all who knew him. He was converted during the pastorate of the late Rev. W. H. Foster, and has for many years been a member of the North St. Methodist Episcopal Church, Gorham, Me., holding the office of trustee, and contributing to the needs of the society. We feel sad to have him taken from our midst, but we know that our loss is his gain.

The funeral service was held at his home on Sabbath afternoon, conducted by his pastor, the writer, and assisted by Rev. S. B. Sawyer. The following hymns were rendered, the second being our brother's favorite: "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "The Gates Ajar," "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Abide with Me."

Mr. Whitney has two nephews living, sons of his eldest brother — Al Everett and Thaddeus Whitney. Among the many relatives and friends who were present at the funeral were three nieces — Mrs. Belle Whitney and Mrs. Chas. Merrill, both of Gorham, and Mrs. Albin Johnson, of Portland, who read at the close of the sermon a poem entitled, "Trust in God and Do the Right." This poem was one that our brother had enjoyed reading again and again during his life-time. Among Mrs. Whitney's relatives the following were able to be present: Mrs. Ida Emory, Buxton, Me.; Mrs. James I. Paine, a widowed sister, South Portland, Me.; Sherman Richardson and Wm. McDuffey, both of Malden, Mass.; and Lewis Richardson, of Rochester, N. H.

Woodbury Davis, a cousin of the deceased, died the same day of the same trouble. They were both near of an age. The floral tributes were profuse and beautiful, showing the love

and esteem in which he was held by relatives and friends. A long procession followed the remains to their last resting-place. The interment was in North St. cemetery. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens" (2 Cor. 5: 1).

D. S. BROOKS.

Harriman. — Susan Newt n Harriman died in Holliston, Mass., Dec. 29, 1905, at the advanced age of 91 years, 9 months, and 21 days.

Mrs. Harriman was born in Shrewsbury, Mass., March 5, 1814, and was the daughter of Isaac Newton. She came to Holliston when in her teens and attended school for some time. Afterwards she continued to reside here. A revised list of the records of the Methodist Episcopal society, made in 1834, shows her already a member in full connection. It is evident that she was converted and admitted to the society in her eighteenth or nineteenth year.

June 30, 1841, she became the wife of Moses A. Harriman, who for years was trustee, steward, class-leader, or Sunday school superintendent in the Holliston society, faithful and highly esteemed in all his varied relations with his brethren and honored in the community for his sterling worth and business integrity. Mr. and Mrs. Harriman were delightfully harmonious in love for, and devotion to, the interests of the church. The two children born to them died in infancy.

Mr. Harriman died, Sept. 12, 1879, and in all the following years Mrs. Harriman was faithful to her Christian vows. Until her ninetieth year she was constant in attendance at public worship and all social services, and generous in benefactions to the church and its benevolences. In recent years she gave several thousand dollars to Boston University and by her will recently admitted to probate left to the Holliston society a legacy of \$2,000, and also the homestead and whatever real estate she possessed. Quite infirm in her latest years, she was patient and cheerful, and triumphed in faith until her worn body fell asleep.

K.

Jones. — The many friends of Mrs. Charles N. Jones, of First Church, Medford, will be pained to learn of her death, July 25, 1906 after an illness of a few weeks' duration. Funeral services were held at her home, July 27, conducted by Rev. E. C. Bridgman.

Frances Whitmore Jones was born in the old North End of Boston, the daughter of the late Amos Whitmore, Jr. She was a graduate of the Hancock School, and later a teacher in Boston schools. For two years she was the honored president of the Hancock School Association. She was both loved and honored by a wide circle of friends and relatives. Modest and unassuming, she was ever ready for service, and her executive ability and conscientious performance of duty made her a valued member of the church of her choice. She was sympathetic and helpful to all who were in trouble, and her words of comfort and cheer have helped many a discouraged, heart-sore pilgrim on his way. Mrs. Jones was a devoted Christian and an intelligent Methodist, a woman of keen intellect, excellent judgment and many gifts. Her wise counsel will be sadly missed.

Her husband and daughter have the prayers and sympathy of a large circle of friends.

E. C. B.



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CONSUMPTION



## Deaconess Doings

— The Deaconess Training School in Manila graduated three native young women this year.

— Isabelle Horton gave five addresses at the Epworth League Institute held at Des Plaines in August.

— A building to be used as an industrial home for girls has been given to the deaconesses in Fall River, Mass.

— A minister's wife whose baby girl was born in a Deaconess Hospital has dedicated the little one to deaconess work.

— The Chicago Training School opens, Sept. 13, for the fall term. The attendance this year promises to be unusually large.

— Mr. R. B. Roantree, of Syracuse, N. Y., has furnished the schoolroom at Verbank in invalid Children's Home in memory of his wife.

— Wesley Hospital, Chicago, was able to help 691 patients by its free bed fund last year. The whole number of patients treated was 1,841.

— A deaconess in Kansas, who is known as the Sunday school pastor, is working for seven organizations — Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, United Brethren, Christian, and the Salvation Army.

— The Chicago Deaconess Home is carrying on a more extensive fresh air work at New Lenox than ever before, this summer. The parties are larger, and include boys and girls, mothers, babies, and factory girls. The boys camp in tents, and are in charge of a student from Northwestern University.

— Boys at the Chaddock School, Quincy, Ill., are realizing the pleasures of farming this summer. On the small farm owned by the school they have planted ten acres of corn, four of potatoes, and a large truck garden, and have the care of five cows, eighteen pigs, four calves, and more than eight hundred chickens.

— "We have received and cared for several very sick babies this month," writes the superintendent of the Deaconess Baby Fold. "When little Roy was brought to us three weeks ago we thought that he couldn't live more than two or three days. He is much better now, and able to be taken downstairs with the rest of the babies."

— The Old People's Home at Spokane cared for seventeen old people last year, the youngest 65 years of age and the oldest 101 years.

— Jennings Seminary, the school for young women at Aurora, Ill., will rededicate its building, which has been completely restored since the fire, August 30.

— The Pueblo Gas Company recently gave to the Deaconess Orphanage of that city 10 per cent. of their sales on Friday and Saturday of one week. The amount received was \$50.

— For each year's training in preparation to enter the Mildmay Deaconess work in England, young women are expected to pay £55, or about \$275. The usual charge in America is \$100.

— Milwaukee deaconesses have a fresh air camp for boys and girls at Ludington, Mich. The work is in charge of Miss Clara Powell, superintendent of the Good Samaritan Mission.

— More than 450 deaconesses have enjoyed the hospitality of Agard Rest Home, Lake Bluff, Ill., in the eleven years since the opening of the Home. The Home is working for an endowment of \$10,000.

— The 47 students enrolled for the summer term at the Chicago Training School, represented fourteen States, besides Canada.

— A bright eleven-year old at the Orphanage School, Lake Bluff, Ill., lingered one evening after school to have a talk with his teacher. The conversation drifted to our strenuous President and his strenuous life. "My!" exclaimed John, leaning comfortably back with his hands behind his head, "I'd hate to be President." Then, detecting a gleam in his teacher's eye, he added hastily: "But I could if I had to."

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## Editorial

Continued from page 1032

cinct remark. Every man should have ambition enough to do his duty, and no more. It is the overplus of ambition, the excess upon aspiration, which gets so many into trouble.

We have received a program of the 48th annual conference meeting at Asbury Grove, upon which Rev. Dr. J. M. Leonard, the presiding elder, puts his strong preachers. The meeting begins Aug. 27, and closes Sept. 5. Dr. S. L. Beiler preaches Thursday afternoon, Aug. 30; Evangelist Thomas Harrison, Saturday afternoon, Sept. 1, and also Sunday afternoon, Sept. 2; Dr. L. T. Townsend Sunday forenoon, and Dr. L. B. Bates in the evening, Sept. 2.

The program of the Sterling Camp meeting and Epworth League Assembly, Aug. 20-26, is laid upon our table. Dr. C. F. Rice has arranged an unusually strong and attractive list of services for the entire time. Besides our own pastors, there will be opportunity to hear Drs. William North Rice, W. F. Anderson, S. L. Beiler, Wallace MacMullen, W. G. Seaman, Edgar Blake, and other notable speakers. Our people should avail themselves of these rare privileges.

Secretary Root's pronunciamento to the delegates at Rio to the effect that the United States adheres to the unwavering policy of co operation and non interference in the affairs of the South American republics, has been well received by the Southern Republics, and will uphold in future the hands of the real leaders among them, as against the irresponsible demagogues. This country can have no rightful interest in overreaching its Southern neighbors, but it has a right to demand that they all deal justly both with it and with themselves.

Dr. John Galbraith, presiding elder of Boston District, has arranged for a missionary campaign in this city for Sept. 23-24, which will prove of unusual interest and importance. Bishops Thoburn and Oldham and Drs. Stuntz and Vaughn will speak in the churches on Sunday, the 23d, detailed notice of which will be given later, and on Monday, the 24th, an all-day meeting will be held in Bromfield St. Church, with addresses from the distinguished persons named. Let our people in Boston and the suburbs make the most of these meetings.

There are men who know how deftly to give a new turn to an old expression. "Seamanship" has been for years a branch of instruction at all nautical academies, but with the introduction of floating iron kettles, sometimes called men of war, and the disappearance of tall-sparred corvettes, has gone somewhat out of fashion. And now comes a British admiral with an article in a leading review on "The Value of Steamanship." "Steamanship" is good, and is likely to stay. It is an apt term for what is as demanding a science as the art of sail manipulation ever was. But steamanship and seamanship will always need to go together, for neither is complete without the other.

Spiritual vitality implies growth, and growth implies progress, and progress implies change. The man or woman who never changes an opinion or a view-point is mentally and spiritually moribund.

Romanism Adjusted to Results  
Biblical Study

A CABLEGRAM makes the very important announcement that Pope Pius X has approved the report of a Pontifical Biblical Commission to which the Pentateuch was submitted for the settlement of the mooted question of Mosaic authorship. The abridgment of the report, which bears the approval of the Vatican, is as follows:

"1. Despite the arguments formulated by modern criticism against the Mosaic authenticity of the Pentateuch, greater regard must be had for the witness of the Old and New Testaments, the constant persuasion of the Jewish people, and the uninterrupted tradition of the church, equally with the internal proofs derivable from the sacred books themselves. It must be maintained that these books have Moses for their author, and have not been composed of elements for the most part later than his time.

"2. It does not, however, follow that Moses wrote the Pentateuch entirely with his own hand, or dictated it all to copyists. It may be admitted that, when he had conceived his work under divine inspiration, he confided its redaction to one or more secretaries. It must, nevertheless, be affirmed that they have truly rendered his thought, neither adding nor omitting anything contrary to his intention; and that they have published their labors only after having obtained the inspired author's approbation of the work which bears his name.

"3. It is likewise admissible that Moses, in composing the Pentateuch, availed himself of earlier sources, written documents, or oral traditions, whereof, under divine inspiration, he made use conformably to the end he proposed attaining; so that he borrowed sometimes the words, and at other times the sense only, abridging or amplifying according to circumstances.

"4. It may further be admitted that the books of Moses in the long course of centuries which have elapsed since their composition have undergone some modifications; as, for instance, certain additions, written by some inspired author after the death of Moses; certain glosses and explications interpolated into the text; certain words and forms of discourse translated from an older into a more modern style; and, lastly, certain faulty readings attributable to the unskillfulness of copyists. It belongs to the province of criticism to employ the rules of its art in the research and discernment of these modifications."

Now, it is unmistakably evident, from careful reading of the above, that while the report was phrased with unusual care to avert surprise and alarm at the findings, the positions taken are in entire harmony with the great body of Biblical scholars who have occupied the middle ground between the conservative and the liberal wings. If Romanism, so characteristically conservative, is forced by unquestioned and unassailable results of Biblical investigation to make such a pronouncement, shall Protestantism be less considerate, reasonable and wise? Nothing is lost by the concession, but very much is gained. The church in all its branches must adjust itself to sane, devout, exact Biblical scholarship. The Bible is overlaid with theories of inspiration which it does not claim for itself, which are not justified by fact, and which are not at all necessary for the maintenance of the fundamental and essential truths for which it stands.

We must never forget that the solemn warning in the closing verses of the Book of Revelation are directed, first, against any man who shall "add" unto the book. An over-credulous religious age has added unto the book, and it is an ethical and religious duty of the faithful believer to relieve it of these unwarranted accretions and additions. Dean J. E. Latimer, the leader and appropriator of the results of modern Biblical study for American Methodism, our greatest

scholar in the beginnings of these crucial times, who saw this hour of unchaining of the Scriptures and was glad, said to the writer, on one occasion: "The fetters of a mechanical and verbal theory of inspiration must be taken off the Bible. That contention is doing unspeakable harm, because the facts do not justify it. Thinking people know better, and the scholar is thus divorced from the church. Why," he said, with an emphasis of expression peculiar to him when aroused, "many people read their Bibles as if printed and stereotyped in heaven, and then dropped down to this earth." Shall we never be willing to discriminate? Will not our readers accept the *via media* between the two extreme views of inspiration? For either conservative or liberal view pushed to an extreme is false and fatal. The Bible contains a revelation which flowers in Jesus Christ, the Son of God. The incarnation of God in His Son, who was God, very God of Gods, His life on earth, His teachings, crucifixion, resurrection, the dispensation of the Holy Spirit, which He promised and which should take the things of Christ and show them unto men for their salvation — these form the great essential, vital, sufficient Gospel we are to proclaim, and not waste our strength and time in the discussion of theories of inspiration as bearing upon a preparatory dispensation. The practical question of historicity is settled, and the comparative values of the old and new dispensations are stated in those memorable words: "For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ."

## Bishop Scott at Cottage City

BISHOP SCOTT of Africa preached last Sunday morning at the Tabernacle at Cottage City, and in apt and vigorous style, before a good sized August audience, portrayed conditions in the Dark Continent as they prevailed before and after the advent of the first Protestant missionaries. Bishop Scott, a man of fine presence and much native dignity, as well as of earnest spirit and deep missionary sympathies, took as his text 1 John 5:4: "And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." After alluding to the strange peculiarity of human nature which leads it to seek hard ways of attaining any particular ends, Bishop Scott enlarged on the essentially simple character of saving faith, illustrating this point by various suggestive analogies. Confidence is the golden cord, he said, which runs through all human affairs. The very core of business transactions and of home life is confidence. The confidence of the passenger in the steamship runs away back to the man who cut the timber for the construction of the vessel, and is reposed in all the officers or agents who have anything to do with the running of it. Man trusts man. If this is so, we ought the more confidently to trust in Jesus. Religious belief should be regarded as natural, as the expected thing. Man is never at his best until he believes something. This spirit of belief makes the missionary, the abolitionist, and the scientist. When men dare venture, when they dare take God at His word, they accomplish great things — they are never disappointed. This point the Bishop illustrated by several instances of pathetic yet encouraging missionary sacrifice and effort in Africa. He expressed his deep conviction that Africa is on the verge of a great spiritual uprising, if only this spirit of sublime faith be developed, and if American Christians contribute more generously to supply the instrumentalities that are sorely needed to assist the extension of the work. In conclusion, Bishop Scott urged all present to make sure that faith in God become an active and blessed principle in all daily affairs, and thus attain the victory that overcomes the world.